

Bellefonte



Republican.

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SENATOR CAMERON SPEAKS. FAVORS FREE SILVER AND THE REPEAL OF THE TAX ON STATE BANKS. WHERE ARE WE AT?

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, addressed the senate this afternoon in opposition to the bill repealing the Sherman silver purchase act. He read his speech from manuscript, rapidly and in a low tone of voice. Senators from both sides of the chamber, who felt much curiosity and interest in the position which Mr. Cameron occupied, got chairs in his immediate neighborhood and listened to him with close attention. He began by calling attention to Mr. Gladstone's speech in the house of commons on Feb. 28 last. In that speech Mr. Gladstone said that England was the greatest creditor of the countries of the world; that her foreign investments increased largely every year; that £1,000,000,000 would be an extremely low estimate of English credits, and that under these circumstances it was rather a serious matter to ask this country to consider whether they are going to perform this supreme self-sacrifice.

Continuing, Mr. Cameron said: "I will not trouble you further with Mr. Gladstone's remarks, although he went on to develop his ideas in terms even more forcible than those I have quoted. Senators can read the debate for themselves. I have no wish to excite angry feelings against any one, whether abroad or at home, but you will observe that the supreme act of self-sacrifice which Mr. Gladstone considers to be contrary to the interests of England, as the great creditor of the countries of the world, is the attempt to maintain or restore to silver the function of serving as money."

GROUND FOR HIS VOTE.

"I am tempted to sit down and leave this speech of Mr. Gladstone to stand alone as the ground for the vote I shall give on the bill now before us. It is ground enough. To my mind it carries conviction as to the true course of an American; but every one cannot be expected to leap at once across a gap which represents a life time of feeling and thoughts, and not a life time only, but fully 200 years of American history. I trust the senate will have patience with me if I explain what seems to me, and perhaps to them, self evident. I want to carry with me their unanimous assent."

"More than once in this debate we have heard that the United States is the greatest country in the world. The chief claim of our nation to me, right in the midst of us who have a share in its government, and in the right of every republican citizen, white or black, rich or poor, whose opinion we regard, is that, from first to last, on all occasions and in every form, America has asserted the most emphatic possible negative to the policy and methods of the moneyed power of England. On this point, I imagine, we are agreed. You know that our statutes are crammed with legislation, all of which rests on direct negation of British principles and practices. Our form of government is devised on those lines."

OPPOSITION TO ENGL.

"We have forestood and protected the small land owner, we have protected manufacturers, we have protected shippers, we have protected our citizens and seamen, we have, so far as we could, under any and all our party changes, even when we changed our methods, still preserved the radical policy, which, whether under Federal or Republican or Democratic, has always been to maintain a negative on what we thought and still think of the moneyed power of England. I want to say nothing harsh or offensive but here we are on delicate ground and I must, in the least unpleasant way possible, explain whichever people have so invariably followed this course. Americans are a sensible race, and far from being vindictive or narrow. They have good reasons for all their acts and especially for their fundamental principles. The reason for their attitude towards England is that ever since America was discovered England has been controlled by its moneyed interests, and all Americans, at all periods of their history, have believed that the money interests of England were selfish, cruel and aggressive as well as sordid to a degree that made them dangerous to all the world and fatal to the weak."

MUCH ABUSED SHERMAN ACT.

"How does this much abused Sherman act injure Pennsylvania? In no way whatever. Under this act we increase the currency now about \$36,000,000 a year—barely enough to meet the ends of the natural increase of population. In a very few years this act will be a measure of absolute contraction; it will unduly restrict the coinage. The people of Pennsylvania want even now, and absolutely require, a greater increase than this, and ask for it in paper, but what advantage has paper over silver, which has at least an intrinsic value equal to 50 per cent. of its nominal value in gold and is also guaranteed by our gold reserve, whereas the paper would be guaranteed by the gold alone?"

"The condition of Europe is in every point of view much worse, far more complicated and infinitely more alarming than ours. I am not, as a mere matter of personal opinion, especially anxious to see much foreign capital come here, but the probability of its coming depends far less on our silver than on their political and social prospects. This leads me to another necessary point in the situation. What is to be the effect of stopping silver coinage on our political and social conditions? Does any senator think that it will quiet them? We all know the history of the Sherman act."

IT WAS A COMPROMISE.

"In effect it was a compromise between somewhat violent interests, a compromise in which the silver miners, the manufacturers and the gold men acquiesced. The miners got a market for their goods; other interests were conciliated in their turn. In spite of this agreement, silver continued to fall, or gold to rise, I care not which. The government of England, in a sudden panic for fear that we should stop our silver coinage, first decided that something must be done, and, against the long expressed wishes of India, the mint was closed. Silver fell, a panic followed here and nearly the entire press and the whole capitalist class joined in calling for the closure of our mints, too. In this cry the voice of the manufacturers was among the loudest, yet, obviously, the interest of the manufacturers was with silver, not with gold. If the silver is sacrificed, the manufacturer will be responsible for it, and, in that case, I take it for granted that the silver states will revenge themselves by throwing all their weight on the side of a reduction of the tariff. Our manufacturers might flourish on a low silver and a high tariff; they must perish on gold and a low tariff. For my part, I feel a deep sense of responsibility to my people."

MINERS ARE STARVING.

"I do not want to see the time when what is now passing in England shall happen in Pennsylvania and 150,000 miners are starving for food, after a strike which has already lasted two months, shall unanimously vote to continue the strike, even if they die for it, rather than consent to a reduction of their wages. The British miners, half a million of them, are to be starved into accepting low wages in order that the British government may enhance the value of the gold in which America pays the interest on her British debts. The process is one which I would gladly avoid. The British government may prefer to shoot its miners, as it has lately done. I do not think a senator of the United States should assist to legislate with a view to shooting his constituents. Pennsylvania for 1200 years has followed one invariable system. She never aims to destroy, but she tries to create, to preserve to produce. She does not want to irritate, but to conciliate; she wants union, not discord. She tries to be gentle with the weak, to be liberal to the poor, to be generous even to her enemies, if she has any. The rest of the world may do what it pleases, Pennsylvania has always been satisfied to mind her own business. Acting now on these principles, which start and end in common facts, I can do nothing to hurt the interests or the feelings of another state. I will not vote to ruin Colorado or Nevada."

WILL VOTE TO HELP THEM.

"I will vote to help them, and, in return, I will ask their help to assist the other weak interests that are struggling throughout the Union for existence against heavy odds. I will vote in such a way as to lighten the many difficulties of the southern states and aid them to keep abreast of the national movement. I will give support to every portion of our Union, remote or near, but I will not knowingly deny my assistance to any, least of all to a weak or struggling state. Pennsylvania sent me here to be generous, as well as to be practical, and you may be sure she will stand by me."

"Then my propositions are these: We all agree that with Europe and Asia in their present critical state of equilibrium any silver or paper currency needs a larger guarantee than usual. For that purpose I propose a gold loan of 50 million dollars as congress may decide, to be bought at the market rate and held in the treasury as a gold reserve is held in the Bank of France and by the governments of the Latin union. I propose to open our mints to the free coinage of American silver, with a duty on the import of foreign silver."

REPEAL OF STATE BANK TAX.

"I propose further, for the benefit of the poorer and weaker states, especially in the south, to repeal the tax on state bank circulation—a measure which is intended to give them a free hand in moving their

own crops, developing their resources and relieving them from their servitude to the great capitalist cities. I look to no effect, or but a little from this step, as far as the north is concerned. I would also press once more for action in favor of our shipping. To meet in part the deficit of our income for next year, I would reimpose the duty of 2 cents a pound on sugar and repeal the bounty. Then I would wait a year to see how the system worked, and how far we were affected by foreign influence. As for our foreign exchanges they are automatic and will take care of themselves under any system. They have done so when we had no currency at all, when we had gold, when we had irredeemable paper and when we had silver. If Europe wants our gold let her have it if she can pay for it, that is to say, all except the gold in our treasury. No general or special legislation is likely to pass this senate unless it is comprehensive enough to command practically universal assent. To that object I address myself. If any other senator brings forward a scheme more comprehensive, more liberal, conceived in a spirit of wider or more generous union I will give him my support."

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MCCORKLE?

Certain democratic newspapers in West Virginia and out of it are abusing Gov. McCorkle, of that State, because he appeared before the Ways and Means Committee and argued vigorously against taking the protection tariff of 75 cents a ton off coal. Bless the blind creatures, McCorkle is all right as far as he has gone. It is true he is a Democrat and was elected on the Democratic down-with-American-industries platform, but McCorkle knows that if it wasn't for the coal industry built up in West Virginia under the Republican protective tariff, and the railroad and other developments that have followed it, there's many a one of his constituents who would be living on snuff and ginseng instead of ham. Just so did Congressman Kirk, who made roaring free trade speeches all through his district last fall, go down to plead that the Republican protection should not be taken off pottery, when he saw that industry in his district already suffering high unto death by the mere prospect of what his party might do. Just so did Editor Holden, of the Cleveland Plaindealer, which preaches Democracy every day in the year, hurry to Washington to demand that the Republican protection should not be stricken from the ores which his city makes much money by handling and smelting. They are all learning wisdom by experience, and it is better to be wise than to be consistent. The wise man tumbleth when the first brick hits him, while the consistent fool tarryeth in his folly until the whole wall falleth on him and he is broke. In the immortal and eloquent words of our own Senator Cameron: "It makes a mighty difference whose ox is being gored."

The McCorkles and Kirks and Holdens have got along as far as General Hancock was. The tariff is all right as a local issue. Protection is a good thing on our particular industry.

"Lord save me and my wife,
My son John and his wife;
Us four, and no more."

There is even hope that their eyes will be by and by cease to turn inward to the bridges of their own noses; that the borders of their vision will widen. Then they will see that this country is a whole country, and this people one people, not a collection of districts inhabited by rival communities. And then they will see that a policy which deals with its vital affairs must be as broad and general as all the land the flag flies over, harmonious in texture, consistent in warp and woof—not a patchwork quilt of local and selfish designs.

The Ways and Means Committee is keeping a free school at Washington, and the country is learning fast therein.

The tin-plate makers testified last week that over 40 factories had been started since the passage of the McKinley bill, representing a capital of \$4,000,000 and a present production of 108,000,000 pounds, and employing thousands of workmen at higher wages than the same class receive in Europe. The prices of tinware had not been raised anywhere. If the duties were taken off, all the factories would be either stopped or removed to where they would get cheaper labor.

If a man is to ever get his pension it should be now, while he is yet alive to enjoy it. Twenty-eight years from date of muster out is certainly long enough for him to have waited for the Nation's justice. All claims should be made special.

A delegation from the workmen in the glass factories told the Committee on Ways and Means last week that a reduction of the duties on bottles would only benefit the wealthy brewers, and would injure the workmen immensely.

IN MEMORY OF CONRAD WEISER.

When Conrad Weiser was a Pennsylvania the province with its proprietary government was within fifty years of the period of Statehood and the colony had the Indian question under consideration as the agitation of the day. Washington had made his famous march across the Virginia wilderness to Braddock's assistance, the French and Indian war was imminent, and here and there appeared hints of the coming Revolution, with separation from the mother country. This was in the year 1751. Weiser was the accepted interpreter and peace-bearer with the Six Nations. As an Indian agent he ran a sutler's supply tent and as a wise man whose policy was the very crown of honesty and integrity he dealt with the Susquehanna, the Delaware and minor tribes with such wonderful tact and discretion as to make them always friendly to the whites in the then Lebanon and Schuylkill reservations. Now it is proposed to erect a costly monument to his memory.

This is tardy justice to a most distinguished character, for Weiser was all that and more, too, in the day and generation in which he lived. Destiny required the iron hand and iron will to rule. The arts of peace were the peculiar property of the Quaker, but the decisions of the moment were of stern, unrelenting stuff, and the men who made them were either like Penn, whose treaties stand on record with the unbroken seal of peace and good-will or they are like Weiser, whose terms were peace when they could be made without sacrifice. The sword became the pruning hook, but the Indian made it the tomahawk at Wyoming after Weiser was gathered to his fathers.

Weiser was more than the faithful, earnest, honest interpreter and agent. He was the true, unyielding type of Pennsylvania German, of an ancestral stock provident of descendants that long since made the State blossom as the rose and gave to men of distinguished attainments and marked honor. Hence it is that the Berks German propose a Conrad Weiser day for November 2 next, and the Reading Board of Trade supplement this movement with a plan to raise a \$25,000 monument fund that somewhere in the future shall speak for Weiser in the Penn Square of the city where his trading post once opened its doors to the Six Nations and their allies. Weiser's grave is in a field near Womelsdorf, and Womelsdorf is the same quiet, sleepy village by South Mountain fourteen miles from Reading, as the Lebanon Valley trail led past when Weiser pursued his mission and his duties. The Pennsylvania German of today is heartily concerned in the enterprise.

And why not a Weiser memorial in granite and epitaph as well as story? The Pennsylvania German has lived in deeds, not words. Fortune has been born of oil and from the wilderness has come no end of accomplishment. Hiester and Schulze and Ritzer are but a picture removed from Henry Melchior Muhlenberg and Michael Schlatter, who called their congregations to arms when Washington sought ways out from the gloom and distress of Valley Forge. Ritzer and Shunk and Wolf appeal to later times contemporary with Rittenhouse, and in this day Berks presents Rev. Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer, Rev. Dr. Benjamin Bausman, George F. Baer, James N. Ermentrout, Henry C. G. Reber, Edwin F. Shearer, Ex-Congressman Brumer, Thomas C. Zimmerman, Sydenham E. Ancona and many more who stand as eminent exemplars of the Pennsylvania German spirit. These are the men who will make the Weiser monument movement a success.—Philadelphia Times.

The State of Nevada cast 10,630 votes for president in 1892. The population of that state is 45,781. Centre county cast a little over 9000 votes for president in 92 and had according to the last census a population of 43,253. The State of Nevada has fallen off since the election in the number of its inhabitants and probably is not now any larger in population than Centre county, yet it has two Senators and one representation in congress. There are some things that do not pull even in republican America.

COMMAND "AS YOU WERE."

The Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Pensions promise that the cases of the suspended pensioners shall receive immediate attention, and be disposed of without delay.

This is not enough. They should be restored to the pension-roll at once, without any further ifs or ands, and placed in the same position they were before the order which we believe to be illegal, was issued. This is the only right way.

If the order was wrong, which seems to be confessed by its withdrawal, then these 8,000 who have been suspended should not be made to suffer under it any more

than the remainder of the 75,000 whom the Secretary at first announced that he intended to suspend. There is no claim that the 8,000 who happened to be first reached were "sinners above all others in Jerusalem." It is not charged that they are in any degree worse than the 67,000 others whom the Secretary had not yet reached. Why, then, should they be made to suffer more than the other 67,000? Why do not as was the practice in the army when a wrong order had been given, command "As you were," and bring everybody back to his original position?

A LUCKY NEGRO.

Capt. W. H. Woodruff, of Memphis, received the following telegram last Friday from Birmingham, Ala.:

"I am sentenced to be hung for murder December 24, 1891. I was working for you at the Woodruff Stove Works Come and save me."

WILLIAM BELL.

Capt. Woodruff remembered the man, examined his books and found that Bell had worked for him in Tennessee for several months, including the day on which he was supposed to have committed murder in Alabama. He started to Birmingham that night, and Bell's life will be saved, as by a miracle, not so much because he has a complete alibi, but because he happened to be tried in Birmingham, which is a new city, built up about some ironworks, with a strong northern element in its population, and some northern ideas. For Bell is a negro, and the usual Southern mob would have been much easier to convince of his guilt than was the jury. Almost anywhere else in the South a bare suspicion against him would have been enough. The only question then would have been whether he should be burned before or after hanging, which lady should light the fire, and a possible dispute as to which prominent citizen should be privileged to fire the first load of buckshot into his helpless body. He might have been molding stove-lids in Memphis or cutting ice at the North Pole on the day of the murder, for all the difference it would have made in his fate. His ashes would have blown away and his charred bones have been carried off for remembrances of an event as notable as a cannibal feast in Borneo, long before there was any chance to establish his innocence. When the truth at last was made known the comment would have been: "Well, he was only a nigger, anyhow."

There is a difference between being a negro in the Republican North and a "nigger" in the Democratic South. Here, anonymous persons, pretending to be black, but more likely to be white (on the surface) pose in print to their own profit as men who can throw the negro vote against the Republican ticket on the plea that some particular one of that race hasn't been appointed a policeman. Down South under Democratic rule, three brothers were hanged in Louisiana by a mob last Sunday for refusing to betray the hiding place of a fourth brother, whom the mob desired to hang, and their old mother and two sisters were whipped from the parish. On Thursday of the same week another negro was hanged and burned for robbing a Virginia white woman of her pocket-book and hitting her with a brick when she resisted. This is a difference which intelligent colored men can be trusted to appreciate when Democratic agents try to trade their votes for promises of police appointments which they do not intend to keep. Pittsburgh Times.

RICH YOUNG MEN AND POLITICS.

It is a fact that all the Astors are now Cleveland Democrats. William Waldorf, who makes his permanent residence in London, and is not expected ever to return to this country, inherited Republican instincts, but his defeat as a candidate before the people imbittered him against the party and his native city. John J. Astor is a strong Cleveland man, as is Mr. Coleman Drayton and Mr. R. T. Wilson, both of whom made fortunes in coal mines, railroads or Wall street before their marriage into the Astor family. And like the Havemeyers, the Sugar Trust magnates, they are more fervid admirers of Mr. Cleveland than of any other American politician, and they were among the largest individual contributors to his campaign fund. Wherever you find an American who from choice spends most of his time in Europe, and whose income makes pursuit of pleasure the only object of life, you are sure to have a man who is opposed to protection—opposed to everything suggestive of unadulterated American principles.

Vote the Republican county ticket from head to foot. It is a good one and deserves election. The candidates do not promise \$1.25 cent wheat—but they will give you an honest administration of affairs.

MR. J. J. VAN ALLEN.

The nomination of the extraordinary person known as Mr. J. J. Van Allen to be Ambassador to Italy has, we are sorry to observe, evoked unjust and unmerited criticism on the part of some of our contemporaries. Writers whose mentality is too gross to appreciate the depth and delicacy of the Presidential motives in making this selection have endeavored to hold Mr. Van Allen up to ridicule as one of those individuals whose chief object in life is to imitate the effete aristocracy of Great Britain, and who dislike everything American except American money. They forget the proprieties so far as to assert that Mr. Van Allen cultivates a simian similarity to the Prince of Wales, and copies in his language the drawl of a cockney cabdriver. They even go so far as to allege that Mr. Van Allen has remarked to his friends that "America is no fit place for ladies and gentlemen to live in."

Now if all this is true President Cleveland has simply shown a proper appreciation of the fitness of things in nominating Mr. J. J. Van Allen to a court which may be considered as the Roman annex of the palace of St. James. Mr. Cleveland was elected on a British free trade platform. Owing to the absurd limitations imposed by the Constitution, he cannot select subjects of Queen Victoria to represent this country abroad. As the next best thing, he very properly nominates Van Allen, who is said to resemble the first of British subjects in the heavy, after dinner stare, the Albert Edward cut of his beard and the utter uselessness of his life. Mr. Van Allen, it must reluctantly be confessed, is of American ancestry, but it must also be acknowledged even by the harshest of his critics that he has done everything possible to atone for that unfortunate circumstance. Indeed, he has so carefully and thoroughly effaced all American traits that even an intelligent observer would hardly suspect such a blot on his scutcheon. No man could be better qualified in this respect to dance attendance upon royalty.

But brushing aside with the contempt they deserve the criticism to which we have alluded, another and more serious objection has been offered to the selection of Mr. Van Allen. It is said that he contributed from \$40,000 to \$50,000 to the Democratic national campaign fund with the express agreement that he should be nominated as Ambassador to Italy, and that President Cleveland is simply delivering the office, which was promised before election, in return for a large sum of money. Although this allegation has been known we have hesitated to assume that a President of the United States would connive at such a bargain in the first place, or carry it out if made without his knowledge. We must, however, confess that the circumstantial evidence presented in support of the charge by Democratic contemporaries is staggering. Van Allen himself is quoted both as asserting that he gave the money and that he expected the embassy to Italy. One Democratic newspaper goes so far as to say: "That he paid cash there is no doubt. No other reason exists for his appointment. He has done nothing in politics, nothing in any direction that would make him otherwise than contemptible in the eyes of self-respecting, working Americans." The same paper says that "if Abraham Lincoln could meet Van Allen in the flesh his inclination would be to lift Van Allen up and duck him in a muddy pond as a grateful compliment to the Stars and Stripes."

We regret very much to note such harsh or, as Mr. Van Allen would call it, "hawsh" language used by Democratic brethren concerning each other. As we have already indicated, even if this charge is true Mr. Van Allen is well equipped to represent the British free trade party in Italy. Hating and despising everything American workmen, aping royalty, and tolerating existence on American soil only for a brief period in each year at a fashionable resort largely frequented by the foreign so-called aristocracy, Mr. Van Allen is a typical representative of the party which would reduce the American toiler to the level of the European serf, and which worships everything British from free trade to gold monometallism.

SHE FELT THE SHOCK.

There is a little mother over in north-east Minneapolis who has a 16 months infant son who is the apple of her eye and whom she evidently regards as something of a heavyweight. She resides a few squares distant from the scene of a recent explosion, and her house was one that felt the shock. A friend afterward expressed his sympathy.

"And did you really feel the explosion?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "It shook the house from garret to cellar."

"What did you think was the matter?" he curiously questioned.

"I thought the baby had fallen out of bed," was the unexpected answer.

Waring's Peril.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

VIII.

When four days and nights had passed away without a word or sign from Waring, the garrison had come to the conclusion that those officers or men of Battery "X" who still believed him innocent were idiots. So did the civil authorities, but those were days when the civil authorities of Louisiana commanded less respect from its educated people than did even the military. The police force, like the state, were undergoing a process called reconstruction, which might have been impressive in theory, but was ridiculous in practice. A reward had been offered by business associates of the deceased for the capture and conviction of the assassin. A distant relative of old Lascelles had come to take charge of the place until M. Philippe should arrive. The latter's address had been found among old Armand's papers, and dispatches, via Havana, had been sent to him, also letters. Pierre d'Hervilly had taken the weeping widow and little Nin Nin to bonne maman's to stay. Alphonse and his woolly-pated mother, true to negro superstitions, had decamped. Nothing would induce them to remain under the roof where foul murder had been done. "De hahnts" was what they were afraid of. And so the old white homestead, though surrounded on every side by curiosity seekers and prying eyes, was practically deserted. Cram went about his duties with a heavy heart and light aid. Ferry and Pierce both commanded section snow, as Doyle remained in close arrest and "Pills the Less" in close attendance. Something was utterly wrong with the fellow. Mrs. Doyle had not again ventured to show her red nose within the limits of the "bars," as she called them, a hint from Braxton having proved sufficient; but that she was ever scouting the pickets no one could doubt. Morn, noon and night she prowled about the neighborhood, employing the "byes," so she termed such stray sheep in army blue as a drop of Anatole's best would tempt, to carry scowling notes to Jim, one of which, falling with its postman by the wayside and turned over by the guard to Capt. Cram for transmittal, was addressed to Mister Loo'tnt James Doyle, Lite Bothery X, Jaxun Barx, and brought the only laughter to his lips the big horse artilleryman had known for nearly a week. Her customary Mercury, Dawson, had vanished from sight, dropped, with many another and often a better man, as a deserter.

Over at Waring's abandoned quarters the shades were drawn and the green jealousies boiled. Pierce stole in each day to see that everything, even to the augmented heap of letters, was undisturbed, and Ananias drooped in the court below and refused to be comforted. Cram had duly notified Waring's relatives, now living in New York, of his strange and sudden disappearance, but made no mention of the cloud of suspicion which had surrounded his name. Meantime, some legal friends of the family were overhauling the Lascelles papers, and a dark-complexioned, thick-set, active little civilian was making frequent trips between the department headquarters and barracks. At the former he compared notes with Lieut. Reynolds, and at the latter with Braxton and Cram. The last interview Mr. Allerton had before leaving with his family for the north was with this same lively party, the detective who joined them that night at the St. Charles, and Allerton, being a man of much substance, had tapped his pocketbook significantly.

"The difficulty just now is in having a talk with the widow," said this official to Cram and Reynolds, whom he had met by appointment on the Thursday following the eventful Saturday of Braxton's "combined" review. "She is too much prostrated. I've simply got to wait awhile, and meantime go about this other affair. Is there no way in which you can see her?"

Cram relaxed into a brown study. Reynolds was poring over the note written to Braxton and comparing it with one he held in his hand—an old one, and one that told an old, old story. "I know you'll say I have no right to ask this," it read, "but you're a gentleman and I'm a friendless woman deserted by a worthless husband. My own people are ruined by the war, but even if they had money they wouldn't send any to me, for I offended them all by marrying a Yankee officer. God knows I am punished enough for that. But I was so young and innocent when he courted me. I ought to be left—I would of left him as soon as I found out how good-for-nothing he really was, only I was so much in love I couldn't. I was fastenated, I suppose. Now I've sold everything, but if you'll only lend me fifty dollars I'll work my fingers to the bone until I pay it. For the old home's sake, please do."

"It's the same hand—the same woman, Cram, beyond a doubt. She bled Waring for the old home's sake the first winter he was in the south. He told me all about it two years ago in Washington, when we heard of her second time. Now she's followed him over here, or got here first, tried the same game probably, met with a refusal, and this anonymous note is her revenge. The man she married was a crack-brained weakling who got into the army the day end of the war, fell in love with her pretty face, married her, then they quarreled and he drank himself into a muddle-head. She ran him into debt; then he gambled away government funds, bolted, was caught, and would have been tried and sent to jail, but some powerful relative saved him that, and simply had him dropped—never heard of him again. She was about a month grass-widowed when Waring came on his first duty there. He had an ungenerous lot of brother officers for a two-company post, and really had known of this girl and her people before the war, and she ap-

pealed to him, first for sympathy and help, then charity, then blackmail, I reckon, from which his fever saved him. Then she struck some quartermaster or other and lived off him for awhile; drifted over here, and no sooner did he arrive, all ignorant of her presence in or around New Orleans, than she began pestering him again. When he turned a deaf ear, she probably threatened, and then came these anonymous missives to you and Braxton. Yours always came by mail, you say. The odd thing about the colonel's—this one, at least—is that it was with his mail, but never came through the post office."

"That's all very interesting," said the little civilian, dryly, "but what we want is evidence to acquit him and convict somebody else of Lascelles' death. What has this to do with the other?"



"THIS LETTER CAME TO BRAXTON BY HAND, NOT BY MAIL."

"This much: This letter came to Braxton by hand, not by mail—by hand, probably direct from her. What hand had access to the office the day when the whole command was out at review? Certainly no outsider. The mail is opened and distributed on its arrival at nine o'clock by the chief clerk, or by the sergeant major, if he happens to be there, though he's generally at guard mount. On this occasion he was out at review. Leary, chief clerk, tells Col. Braxton he opened and distributed the mail, putting the colonel's on his desk; Root was with him and helped. The third clerk came in later; had been out all night, drinking. His name is Dawson. Dawson goes out again and gets fuller, and when next brought home is put in hospital under a sentry. Then he hears of the murder, bolts, and isn't heard from since, except as the man who helped Mrs. Doyle to get her husband home. He is the fellow who brought that note. He knew something of its contents, for the murder terrified him, and he ran away. Find his trail, and you strike that of the woman who wrote these."

"By the Lord, lieutenant, if you'll quit the army and take my place you'll make a name and a fortune."

"And if you'll quit your place and take mine you'll get your coup de grace in some picaresque Indian fight and be forgotten. So stay where you are; but find Dawson, find her, find what they know, and you'll be famous."

IX.

That night, or very early next morning, there was pandemonium at the barracks. It was clear, still, beautiful. A soft April wind was drifting up from the lower coast, laden with the perfume of sweet olive and orange blossoms. Mrs. Cram, with one or two lady friends and a party of officers, had been chatting in low tone upon their gallery until after eleven, but elsewhere about the moonlit quadrangle all was silence when the second relief was posted. Far at the rear of the walled inclosure, where, in deference to the manners and customs of war as observed in the good old days whereof our seniors tell, the sutler's establishment was planted within easy halting distance of the guardhouse, there was still the sound of modified revelry by night, and poker and whisky punch had gathered their devotees in the grimy parlors of Mr. Finkbein, and here the belated ones tarried until long after midnight, as most of them were bachelors and had no better halves, as had Doyle, to fetch them home "out of the wet." Cram and his lieutenants, with the exception of Doyle, were never known to patronize this establishment, whatsoever they might do outside. They had separated before midnight, and little Pierce, after his customary peep into Waring's preserves, had closed the door, gone to his own room to bed and to sleep. Ferry, as battery officer of the day, had made the rounds of the stables and gun shed about one o'clock, and had encountered Capt. Kinsey, of the infantry, coming in from his long tramp through the dew-wet field, returning from the inspection of the sentry-post at the big magazine.

"No news of poor Sam yet, I suppose?" said Kinsey, sadly, as the two came strolling in together through the rear gate.

"Nothing whatever," was Ferry's answer. "We cannot even form a conjecture, unless he, too, has been murdered. Think of there being a warrant out for his arrest—for him, Sam Waring!"

"Well," said Kinsey, "no other conclusion could be well arrived at, unless that poor brute Doyle did it in a drunken row. Pills says he never saw a man so terror-stricken as he seems to be. He's afraid to leave him, really, and Doyle's afraid to be alone—thinks the old woman may get in."

"She has no excuse for coming, captain," said Ferry. "When she told Cram she must see her husband to-day, that she was out of money and starving, the captain surprised her by handing her fifty dollars, which is much more than she'd have got from Doyle. She took it, of course, but that isn't what she wanted. She wants to get at him. She has money enough."

"Yes, that woman's a terror, Ferry. Old Mrs. Murtagh, wife of my quartermaster sergeant, has been in the army

twenty years, and says she knew her well—knew all her people. She comes from a tough lot, and they had a bad reputation in Texas in the old days. Doyle's a totally different man since she turned up, Cram tells me. Hello! here's 'Pills the Less,' he suddenly exclaimed, as they came opposite the west gate leading to the hospital.

"How's your patient, Doc?"

"Well, he's sleeping at last. He seems worn out. It's the first time I've left him; but I'm used up and want a few hours' sleep. There isn't anything to drink in the room, even if he should wake, and Jim is sleeping or lying there by him."

"Oh, he'll do all right now, I reckon," said the officer of the day, cheerfully. "Go and get your sleep. The old woman can't get at him unless she bribes my sentries or rides the air on a broomstick, like some other old witches I've read of. Ferry sleeps in the adjoining room, anyhow, so he can look out for her. Good night, Doc." And so, on they went, glancing upward at the dim light just showing through the window-blinds in the gable end of Doyle's quarters, and halting at the foot of the stairs.

"Come over and have a pipe with me, Ferry," said the captain. "It's too beautiful a night to turn in. I want to talk to you about Waring, anyhow. This thing weighs on my mind."

"Done with you, for an hour anyhow," said Ferry. "Just wait a minute till I run up and get my baccy."

Presently down came the young fellow again, meerschaum in hand, the moonlight glinting on his slender figure, so trim and jaunty in the battery dress. Kinsey looked him over with a smile of soldierly approval and a whimsical comment on the contrast between the appearance of this young artillery sprig and that of his own stout personality, clad as he was in a bulging blue flannel sack coat, only distinguishable in cut and style from civilian garb by its having brass buttons and a pair of tarnished old shoulder straps. Ferry was a swell. His shell jacket fitted like wax. The Russian shoulder knots of twisted gold were of the handsomest make. The riding breeches, top boots and spurs were such that even Waring could not criticise. His saber gleamed in the moonbeams, and Kinsey's old leather-covered sword looked dingy by contrast. His belt fitted trim and taut, and was polished as his boot-tops; Kinsey's sank down over the left hip, and was worn brown. The sash Ferry sported as battery officer of the day was draped, West Point fashion, over the shoulder and around the waist, and accurately knotted and looped; Kinsey's old war-worn crimson net was slung higgledy-piggledy over his broad chest.

"What swells you fellows are, Ferry!" he said, laughingly, as the youngster came dancing down. "Even old Doyle gets out here in his scarlet plume occasionally and puts us doughboys to shame. What's the use in trying to make such a rig as ours look soldierly? If it were not for the brass buttons our coats would make us look like parsons and our hats like monkeys. As for this undress, all that can be said in its favor is you can't spoil it even by sleeping out on the levee in it, as I am sometimes tempted to do. Let's go out there now."

It was perhaps quarter of two when they took their seats on the wooden bench under the trees, and, lighting their pipes, gazed out over the broad sweeping flood of the Mississippi, gleaming like a silvered shield in the moonlight. Far across at the opposite shore the low line of orange groves and plantation houses and quarters was merged in one long streak of gloom, relieved only at intervals by twinkling light. Farther up-stream, like dozing sea-dogs, the fleet of monitors lay moored along the bank, with the masts and roofs of Algiers dimly outlined against the crescent sweep of lights that marked the levee of the great southern metropolis, still prostrate from the savage buffeting of the war, yet so soon to rouse from lethargy, resume her sway, and, stretching forth her arms, to draw once again to her bosom the wealth and tribute, tenfold augmented, of the very heart of the nation, until, mistress of the commerce of a score of states, she should rival even New York in the volume of her trade. Below them, away to the east towards English Turn, rolled the tawny flood, each ripple and eddy and swirling pool crested with silver—the twinkling lights at Chalmette barely distinguishable from dim, low-hanging stars. Midway the black hulk of some big ocean voyager was forging slowly, steadily towards them, the red light of the port side already obscured, the white and green growing with every minute more and more distinct, and, save the faint rustle of the leaves overhead, murmuring under the touch of the soft, southerly night wind, the splash of wavelet against the wooden pier, and the measured footfall of the sentry on the flagstone walk in front of the sally-port, not a sound was to be heard.

For awhile they smoked in silence, enjoying the beauty of the night, though each was thinking only of the storm that swept over the scene the Sunday previous and of the tragedy that was borne upon its wings. At last Kinsey shook himself together.

"Ferry, sometimes I come out here for a quiet smoke and think. Did it ever occur to you what a fearful force, what illimitable power, there is sweeping by us here night after night with never a sound?"

"Oh, you mean the Mississippi," said Ferry, flippantly. "It would be a case of mops and brooms, I fancy, if she were to bust through the bank and sweep as she does into the swamps."

"Exactly! that's in case she broke loose, as you say; but even when in the shafts, as she is now, between the levees, how long would it take her to sweep a fellow from here out into the gulf, providing nothing interposed to stop him?"

"Matter of simple mathematical calculation," said Ferry, practically.

"They say it's an eight-mile current easy out there in the middle where she's booming. Look at that barrel scooting down yonder. Now, I'd lay a five I could cut loose from here at reveille and shoot the passes before taps and never pull a stroke. It's less than eighty miles down to the forts."

"Well, then, a skiff like that that old Anatole's blaspheming about losing wouldn't take very long to ride over that route, would it?" said Kinsey, reflectively.

"No, not if allowed to slide. But somebody'd be sure to put out and haul it in as a prize—floatam and what-you-may-call-'em. You see these old niggers all along here with their skulls tacking on to every bit of drift wood that's worth having."

"But, Ferry, do you think they'd venture out in such a storm as Sunday last?—think anything could live in it short of a decked ship?"

"No, probably not. Certainly not Anatole's boat."

"Well, that's just what I'm afraid of, and what Cram and Reynolds dread."

"Do they? Well, so far as that storm's concerned, it would have blown it down stream until it came to the big bend below here to the east. Then, by rights, it ought to have blown against the left bank. But every inch of it has been scouted all the way to quarantine. The whole river was filled with drift, though, and it might have been wedged in a lot of logs and swept out anyhow. Splendid ship, that! Who is she, do you suppose?"

The great black hull with its lofty tracery of masts and spars was now just about opposite the barracks, slowly and majestically ascending the stream.

"One of those big British freight steamers that moor there below the French market, I reckon. They seldom come up at night unless it's in the full of the moon, and even then they move with the utmost caution. See, she's slowing up now."

"Hello! Listen! What's that?" exclaimed Ferry, starting to his feet.

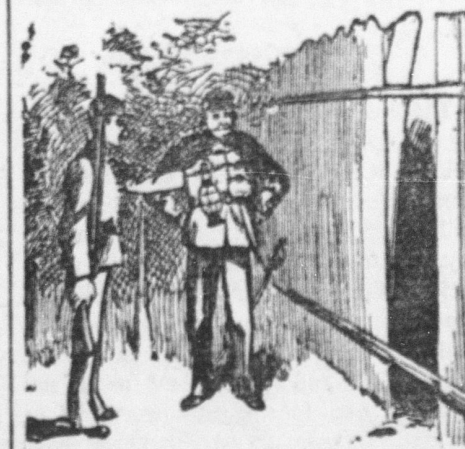
A distant, muffled cry. A distant shot. The sentry at the sally-port dashed through the echoing vault, then bang! came the loud roar of his piece, followed by the yell of:

"Fire! fire! The guard!"

With one spring Ferry was down the levee and darted like a deer across the road, Kinsey lumbering heavily after. Even as he sped through the stone-flagged way, the hoarse roar of the drum at the guard-house, followed instantly by the blare of the bugle from the battery quarters, sounded the stirring alarm. A shrill, agonized female voice was madly screaming for help. Guards and sentries were rushing to the scene, and flames were bursting from the front window of Doyle's quarters. Swift though Ferry ran, others were closer to the spot. Half a dozen active young soldiers, members of the infantry guard, had sprung to the rescue. When Ferry dashed up to the gallery he was just in time to stumble over a writhing and prostrate form, to help extinguish the blazing clothing of another, to seize his water bucket and douse its contents over a third—one yelling, the others stupefied by smoke—or something. In less time than it takes to tell it, daring fellows had ripped down the blazing shades and shutters, tossed them to the parade beneath, dumped a heap of soaked and smoking bedding out of the rear windows, splashed a few bucketsful of water about the reeking room, and the fire was out. But the doctors were working their best to bring back the spark of life to two senseless forms, and to still the shrieks of agony that burst from the seared and blistered lips of Bridget Doyle.

While willing hands bore these scorched semblances of humanity to neighboring rooms and tender-hearted women hurried to add their ministering touch, and old Braxton ordered the excited garrison back to quarters and bed, he, with Cram and Kinsey and Ferry, made prompt examination of the premises. On the table two whisky bottles, one empty, one nearly full, that Dr. Potts declared were not there when he left at one. On the mantel a phial of chloroform, which was also not there before. But a towel soaked with the stifling contents lay on the floor by Jim's rude pallet, and a handkerchief half soaked, half consumed, was on the chair which had stood by the bedside among the fragments of an overturned kerosene lamp.

A quick examination of the patients showed that Jim, the negro, had been chloroformed and was not burned at all, that Doyle was severely burned and had probably inhaled flames, and that the woman was crazed with drink, terror and burns combined. It took the efforts of two or three men and the influence of powerful opiates to quiet her. Taxed with negligence or complicity on the part of the sentry, the sergeant of the guard repudiated the idea, and assured Col. Braxton that it was an easy matter for anyone to get either in or out of the garrison without encountering the sentry, and taking his lantern led the way to the hospital grounds by a winding footpath among the trees to a point in the high white picket fence where two slats had been shoved aside. Anyone coming along the street without could



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pass far beyond the ken of the sentry at the west gate, and slip in with the utmost ease, and once inside all that was necessary was to dodge possible reliefs and patrols. No sentry was posted at the gate through the wall that separated the garrison proper from the hospital grounds. Asked why he had not reported this, the sergeant smiled and said there were a dozen others just as convenient, so what was the use? He did not say, however, that he and his fellows had recourse to them night after night.

It was three o'clock when the officers' families got fairly settled down again and back to their beds, and the silence of night once more reigned over Jackson barracks. One would suppose that such a scene of terror and excitement was enough, and that now the trembling, frightened women might be allowed to sleep in peace; but it was not to be. Hardly had one of their number closed her eyes, hardly had all the flickering lights, save those at the hospital and guardhouse, been downed again, when the strained nerves of the occupants of the officers' quadrangle were jumped into mad jangling once more and all the barracks aroused a second time, and this, too, by a woman's shriek of horror.

Mrs. Conroy, a delicate, fragile little body, wife of a junior lieutenant of infantry occupying a set of quarters in the same building with, but at the opposite end from, Pierce and Waring, was found lying senseless at the head of the gallery stairs.

When revived, amid tears and trembling and incoherent exclamations she declared that she had gone down to the big ice-chest on the ground-floor to get some milk for her nervous and frightened child and was hurrying noiselessly up the stairs again—the only means of communication between the first and second floors—when, face to face, in front of his door, she came upon Mr. Waring, or his ghost; that his eyes were fixed and glassy; that he did not seem to see her even when he spoke, for speak he did. His voice sounded like a moan of anguish, she said, but the words were distinct: "Where is my knife? Who has taken my knife?"

And then little Pierce, who had helped to raise and carry the stricken woman to her room, suddenly darted out on the gallery and ran along to the door he had closed four hours earlier. It was open. Striking a match, he hurried through into the chamber beyond, and there, face downward upon the bed, lay his friend and comrade Waring, moaning like one in the delirium of fever.

X.

Lieut. Reynolds was seated at his desk at department headquarters about nine o'clock that morning when an orderly in light-battery dress dismounted at the banquet and came up the stairs three at a jump. "Capt. Cram's compliments, sir, and this is immediate," he reported, as he held forth a note. Reynolds tore it open, read it hastily through, then said: "Go and fetch me a cab quick as you can," and disappeared in the general's room. Half an hour later he was spinning down the levee towards the French market, and before ten o'clock was seated in the captain's cabin of the big British steamer Ambassador, which had arrived at her moorings during the night. Cram and Kinsey were already there, and to them the skipper was telling his story.

Off the Tortugas, just about as they had shaped their course for the Belize, they were hailed by the little steamer Tampa, bound from New Orleans to Havana. The sea was calm, and a boat put off from the Tampa and came alongside, and presently a gentleman was assisted aboard. He seemed weak from illness, but explained that he was Lieut. Waring, of the United States artillery, had been accidentally carried off to sea, and the Ambassador was the first inward-bound ship they had sighted since crossing the bar. He would be most thankful for a passage back to New Orleans. Capt. Baird had welcomed him with the heartiness of the British tar, and made him at home in his cabin. The lieutenant was evidently far from well, and seemed somewhat dazed and mentally distressed. He could give no account of his mishap other than that told him by the officers of the Tampa, which had lain to when overtaken by the gale on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning when they resumed their course downstream they overhauled a light skiff and were surprised to find a man aboard, drenched and senseless. "The left side of his face was badly bruised and discolored, even when he came to us," said Baird, "and he must have been slugged and robbed, for his watch, his seal-ring and what little money he had were all gone."

The second officer of the Tampa had fitted him out with a clean shirt, and the steward dried his clothing as best he could, but the coat was stained and clotted with blood. Mr. Waring had slept heavily much of the way back until they passed Pilot Town. Then he was up and dressed Thursday afternoon, and seemingly in better spirits, when he picked up a copy of the New Orleans Picayune which the pilot had left aboard, and was reading that, when suddenly he started to his feet with an exclamation of amazement, and when the captain turned to see what was the matter, Waring was ghastly pale and fearfully excited by something he had read. He hid the paper under his coat and sprang up on deck and paced nervously to and fro for hours, and began to grow so ill, apparently, that Capt. Baird was much worried. At night he begged to be put ashore at the barracks instead of going on up to town, and Baird had become so troubled about him that he sent his second officer in the gig with him, landed him on the levee opposite the sally-port, and there, thanking them heartily, but declining further assistance, Waring had hurried through the entrance into the barrack square. Mr. Royce, the second officer, said there was considerable excite-

ment, beating of drums and sounding of bugles, at the post, as they rowed towards the shore. He did not learn the cause. Capt. Baird was most anxious to learn if the gentleman had safely reached his destination. Cram replied that he had, but in a state bordering on delirium and unable to give any coherent account of himself. He could tell he had been aboard the Ambassador and the Tampa, but that was about all.

And then they told Baird that what Waring probably saw was Wednesday's paper with the details of the inquest on the body of Lascelles and the chain of evidence pointing to himself as the murderer. This caused honest Capt. Baird to lay ten to one he wasn't, and five to one he'd never heard of it till he got the paper above Pilot Town. Whereupon all three officers clapped the Briton on the back and shook him by the hand and begged his company to dinner at the barracks and at Mooreau's; and then, while Reynolds sped to the police office and Kinsey back to Col. Braxton, whom he represented at the interview, Cram remounted, and, followed by the faithful Jeffers, trotted up Rampart street and sent in his card to Mme. Lascelles, and madame's maid brought back reply that she was still too shocked and stricken to receive visitors. So also did Mme. d'Hervilly deny herself, and Cram rode home to Nell.

"It is useless," he said. "She will not see me."

"Then she shall see me," said Mrs. Cram.

And so a second time did Jeffers make the trip to town that day, this time perched with folded arms in the rumble of the pony-phæton.

And while she was gone the junior doctor was having the liveliest experience of his few years of service. Scorched and burned though she was, Mrs. Doyle's faculties seemed to have returned with renewed acuteness and force. She demanded to be taken to her husband's side, but the doctor sternly refused. She demanded to be told his condition, and was informed that it was so critical he must not be disturbed, especially by her who was practically responsible for all his trouble. Then she insisted on knowing whether he was conscious and whether he had asked for a priest, and when informed that Father Foley had already arrived, it required the strength of four men to hold her. She raved like a maniac, and her screams appalled the garrison. But screams and struggles were all in vain. "Pills the Less" sent for his senior, and "Pills the Piltless" more than ever deserved his name. He sent for a strait jacket, saw her securely stowed away in that and borne over to a vacant room in the old hospital, set the steward's wife on watch and a sentry at the door, went back to Waring's bedside, where Sam lay tossing in burning fever, murmured his few words of caution to Pierce and Ferry, then hastened back to where poor Doyle was gasping in agony of mind and body, clinging to the hand of the gentle soldier of the cross, gazing piteously into his father confessor's eyes, drinking in his words of exhortation, yet unable to make articulate reply. The flames had done their cruel work. Only in desperate pain could he speak again.

It was nearly dark when Mrs. Cram came driving back to barracks, bringing Mr. Reynolds with her. Her eyes were dilated, her cheeks flushed with excitement, as she sprang from the low phaeton, and, with a murmured "Come to me as soon as you can" to her husband, she sped away up the stairs, leaving him to receive and entertain her passenger.

"I, too, went to see Mme. Lascelles late this afternoon," said Reynolds. "I wished to show her this."

It was a copy of a dispatch to the chief of police of New Orleans. It stated in effect that Philippe Lascelles had not been seen or heard of around Key West for over two weeks. It was believed that he had gone to Havana.

"Can you get word of this to our friend the detective?" asked Cram.

"I have wired already. He has gone to Georgia. What I hoped to do was to note the effect of this on Mme. Lascelles; but she was too ill to see me. Luckily, Mrs. Cram was there, and I sent it up to her. She will tell you. Now I have to see Braxton."

And then came a messenger to ask Cram to join the doctor at Doyle's quarters at once; so he scurried upstairs to see Nell first and learn her tidings.

Continued on page 5

I was a sufferer from catarrh for fifteen years, with distressing pain over my eyes. I used Ely's Cream Balm with gratifying results. Am apparently cured.—Z. C. Warner, Rutland, Vt.

I suffered from a severe cold in my head for months and could get no relief. I was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm. It has worked like magic in its cure. I am free from my cold after using the Balm one week, and I believe it is the best remedy known.—Samuel J. Harris, Wholesale Grocer, 119 Front St., New York.



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BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

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JNO. D. WAGNER, of Gregg Twp.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
WM. H. SNYDER, of Liberty.

FOR COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1893.

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W. J. Mallin, Secretary, Bellefonte

H. P. Harris, Asst. Secretary, Bellefonte

H. C. Quilley, Bellefonte

Centre Hall boro. B. F. Brisban, Centre Hall

Howard boro. Robert Cooke Jr., Howard

Millsburg boro. John Conner, Millsburg

Milheim boro. F. Harter, Milheim

Philipsburg boro. W. S. Crissman, Philipsburg

Philipsburg boro. Geo. Lamb, Philipsburg

Philipsburg boro. W. C. Barry, Philipsburg

South Philipsburg boro. M. Stover, Philipsburg

Unionville boro. Riley Pratt, Unionville

Boys Twp. J. A. Marshall, Boys Twp.

Boys Twp. E. P. J. M. Parker, Boys Twp.

Boys Twp. W. P. C. Stonerode, Boys Twp.

Boys Twp. N. P. Jacob Yarnell, Boys Twp.

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Boys Twp. N. P. Jacob Yarnell, Boys Twp.

thrown, but their own deliberately established institutions. They have not quelled but produced a state of anarchy. The lesson that they have taught is the lesson that their civilization is only a thin varnish, and the example which they have made is the most mischievous example which can be offered for imitation. The pretense, which will probably come later, that the negro might have escaped his just deserts through the processes of the law, is worthless and indecent. Whatever the chances of criminals in some parts of the country may be, a Southern negro never gets a lighter penalty than he deserves. The legal punishment of this villain would have been sure and rigorous. There was not the slightest risk in leaving him to be dealt with by the courts. It was not chivalry but barbarism which demanded his life without a trial, and at last succeeded in taking it with horrible cruelty.

In vivid contrast with the depravity of the mob who slaughtered the negro stands out the conduct of the magistrate who tried to save him. Mayor Trout had sworn to uphold the law, and he was resolved to keep his oath. His courage and fidelity under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty in opposition to a sentiment peculiarly hard to withstand, are deserving of the highest praise. His is the example which Southern communities and their chosen officials need to imitate. The fury of those whom he opposed and for a time thwarted has not yet so far subsided as to let them recognize the true quality of his resistance. They are in a mood to supplement their bloody work by killing him and Captain Bird, the commander of the militia, who obeyed his orders. It is impossible to say what the next scene may be, but whatever it is the lawful authorities of Roanoke did their duty firmly and fearlessly. And though their immediate reward may be execration and peril, they have performed a great and permanent service.

We are not eager to import politics into the consideration of such an affair, but it is true and just to declare that there is a close relation between crimes like that of the Roanoke mob and the theory and practice of government in Southern States. The assumption that it is virtuous to keep Democracy in power there by violence and fraud is a corrupting and destructive creed. It demoralizes judgment and conscience, tends powerfully to obliterate public and private recognition of the difference between right and wrong, leads inevitably to general disregard of honor and justice, and inspires every disingenuous attempt to demolish by act of Congress the only protection which Federal laws have put around the ballot-box.

A PROMINENT DOCTOR ACCUSED OF MURDER.

A gentleman recently made a startling accusation in the hearing of the writer. Said he, "I firmly believe that Dr. Intentionally or unintentionally, killed my wife. He pronounced her complaint—Consumption—incurable. She accepted the verdict, and died. Yet since then I have heard of at least a dozen cases, quite as far advanced as hers, that have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Her life might have been saved, for Consumption is not incurable." Of course it is not. The "Discovery" will remove every trace of it, if taken in time and used faithfully. Consumption is a disease of the blood—a scrofulous affection—and the "Discovery" strikes at the root of the evil. For all cases of weak lungs spitting of blood, severe lingering coughs and kindred ailments, it is a sovereign remedy.

THE BUCKS COUNTY HORROR.

NEWTON, Pa., September 25.—Detectives are searching for the murderer, or murderers, of Samuel Rightly, aged 84 years, and his wife, aged 82, who were found dead in their beds on their farm in Northampton township, near this place. The motive for the horrible crime is a mystery, as the Rightlys were known to be in very poor circumstances.

The discovery of the crime was made by Mrs. Annie Statler at 6.30 o'clock yesterday morning, when she took a can of milk to the old couple, as was her custom. The bed was in flames, and upon it, the mangled bodies of the aged occupants. Their limbs were burned to a crisp and their heads crushed. There was no evidence of a struggle, and it is believed that the couple were attacked while asleep. The crime had no doubt been committed but a short time before Mrs. Statler's discovery, for oil had been poured over the bed from a lamp and the latter thrown on to the bed between the bodies.



Mr. C. M. Lauer

"Nerves Shattered"
Generally broken down; at times I would fall over with a touch of the vertigo; was not able to go any distance from the house. I was a miserable man. The day I commenced on bottle No. 2 of Hood's Sarsaparilla, I began to feel better and I now feel like a new man.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
I am working again, and do not have any of my old spells. I have a perfect cure. CHAS. M. LAUER, 650 W. Market St., York, Pa.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

The Horror of it.

Only Those Who Have Experienced It Know.

A THRILLING STORY MOST PLAINLY AND GRAPHICALLY TOLD.

Did You Ever Read Anything of Greater Interest.

The following communication from Mrs. Minnie Miller, who resides at 5 Guthrie street, Fort Wayne, Ind., explains itself: "For many years I was troubled with indigestion and constipation. Three years ago I became so weak and nervous that I was a complete physical wreck. I had dizzy spells, palpitation of the heart and numbness of my hands and feet.

"These attacks came often and each time worse. My life was a burden to me, and a trouble and worry to all my friends. I expected to die. At times I thought I should lose my mind. My stomach was in such a condition that I could eat nothing but a very little of the lightest kind of food. Sleep was impossible. Every little noise would startle me and I would feel faint.

"No one can imagine the agony I suffered but those who are afflicted with nervousness. I cannot describe the feeling in half its horrors.

"At last I saw Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy advertised and read the testimonials of cure of some of those who had been afflicted as I was, so I thought I would try it. Wonderful to



MRS. MINNIE MILLER.

relate the first bottle helped me so much that I had faith in it. I took two more bottles and oh! I feel so much better. I can sleep soundly and the nervous feeling has almost left me. I can eat with a good appetite and have gained seven pounds.

"My friends say that I am looking so much better and I know that I am feeling as they say I look. I tell everybody that the Nervura has done it. I cannot say enough for it and I praise the Lord and thank this wonderful medicine for giving me relief.

"I am only too glad to recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy to any one afflicted as I was and I hope this testimonial will be the means of inducing many to use this marvellous remedy."

If you are a sufferer do not fail to get this medicine immediately from your druggist. It costs but \$1, and it is purely vegetable and harmless. Owing to its great strengthening and invigorating powers it is the best medicine possible to take. It is the prescription and discovery of Dr. Greene of 35 W. 14th Street, New York, the most successful specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases and the doctor can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

OH, NO, MR. WATTERSON.

The protected darlings of the Republican party stand hand in hand begging alms of the Democratic Ways and Means Committee of Congress. Give us just a year or two longer, begs one, as if the warning that protection must go had not been fairly and clearly and repeatedly given by the people more than a year or two ago. Whether as a qualling infant industry, an insolent, full grown monopoly or a senile beggar for yet a little longer than to plunder, the protected industry displays a greed that defies satisfaction.—Colonel Watterson, in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The "protected darlings of the Republican party, Colonel, are, with due respect, doing nothing of the kind. The great capitalists of American industry and their millions of employees are not asking alms of a handful of misguided country gentlemen who, with one or two possible exceptions, know as much about the needs of the manufacturing industries of the country as the editor of the Courier-Journal knows of the final effluence of inspired Gymnosophists. The men who have built up our great centres of industrial activity, populated whole regions by their enterprise and skill, and made the United States the greatest manufacturing nation on the face of the earth are not standing hat in hand abjectly pleading for the continuance of the American system of protection which has made this possible.

And begging alms of whom? Of gentlemen representing villages, small towns, lumber camps and agricultural districts in Arkansas, in Kentucky, in Tennessee, in West Virginia and in Nebraska, where the only manufacturing establishments are the village smithies, the only tall chimneys the iron smokestacks of the sawmills, and the only sound of industry and areadian splashing of the moss covered wooden wheels as they leisurely revolve in the

meandering water course? The protected interests, as such have no favors to ask of these gentlemen nor of the Democratic party. The testimony has thus far been mainly, and has only dealt with facts as they exist to-day. There is no squalling, no insolence, no senile begging about it. There is not a manufacturer who has appeared before the Ways and Means Committee who will not agree to compete with foreign countries in the manufacture of the commodities provided the American workman will agree to work for the same rate of wages as his foreign rival. If the Democratic party can afford to plunder the American wage earner of the just wages his labor is entitled to it has the power to go right ahead and do that very thing. It is, however, rank folly to impoverish American labor for the poor satisfaction of getting even with a few American citizens who by thrift, industry and ability have made fortunes in industrial enterprise.—New York Press.

The meeting of the Democratic State convention was a matter of minor importance. It is known that the Republican nominees will be elected by a decisive majority and the men who compose the Democratic ticket have simply consented to become the leaders of a battle which was hopelessly lost from the beginning. Pennsylvania is usually Republican by a reliable majority. This year all the indications point to an increase in the majority and nobody need be surprised if it approach 100,000. The people of this commonwealth are nearly all protectionists and they will take the first opportunity to resent the Democratic attempt to bring our local industries into competition with those of England.

CAN THE ERROR BE REMEDIED?

The proposal to unite Utah to Nevada, which though familiar enough is now for the first time proposed in Congress, raises at once the question of power. "Can such a scheme be carried through lawfully?" asks the New York Evening Post, while approving it on its merits. It quotes the constitutional provision touching the forming of States within the jurisdiction of other States and the joining of two States or parts of States, all of which require the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned, as well as of Congress, and adds: "It will be observed that nothing is said as to the union of a State and Territory."

The union of a State and part of a Territory has taken place more than once in our history without the permission of the despoiled Territory being asked. The western boundary of Missouri when admitted was a meridian line. In 1835 the triangle of ground now composing six counties and situated between the western boundary of Missouri and the Missouri River was taken from the adjacent territory and made a part of Missouri. No one questioned the right of Congress to make the change except on the ground that the transferred territory was changed from free to slave in violation of the Missouri compromise of 1820. A few years before the two Dakotas were admitted to the Union a strip was taken of the southern boundary of Dakota Territory and given to Nebraska. Nevada herself since her admission has added to her enormous desert area by getting a large triangular piece ceded to her by Congress out of the territory of Arizona.

This is the only additional territory Nevada has secured thus far, though she has been land hungry from her birth. Conscious of the barrenness of her soil, she has sought to make up in quantity what it lacked in quality. The article of her constitution defining her boundaries contains two provisions for additions. One makes the western part of Utah extending east one degree of longitude from the Nevada boundary a part of Nevada as soon as Congress authorizes such addition. Another provides for incorporating in the State all the territory west of it that the latter State has never been willing to give up any of her abundance for the enrichment of Nevada. Congress ceded a portion of Arizona, which Nevada accepted without thinking it necessary to change her constitution so as to make it correspond to the new boundaries. Doubtless she will be willing to accept even more than one degree of longitude from Utah without raising any constitutional difficulties.

The politicians who are benefited by the present close borough character of the State of Nevada may not be eager to add to the State a population which has not been accustomed to defer to them and keep them in office. The addition of Utah is the only constitutional method by which the mistake made in admitting Nevada to the Union can be corrected. Congress can do what it pleases with the Territories and the best use it can make of Utah is to add it to Nevada in order that an approximately respectable State may be made out of the combination. Utah is growing in population and wealth slowly. Nevada is declining in both. Utah would give Nevada 200,000 people to add to its 40,000, while Nevada would give Utah a ready-made constitution and body of laws, a State organization and representation in both branches of Congress.

Possibly the deserted mining camp may fear that such a large alliance would swamp it and that the sceptre of political power would be transferred from Virginia City to Salt Lake. It is here that the rub will come. There is no lack of power to carry out the proposed consolidation if only the few people left in Nevada can be brought to give their consent.—Philadelphia Press.

THE LOWEST RATE OF THE YEAR TO CHICAGO VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

A FURTHER REDUCTION IN FARE FOR THE COACH EXCURSION.

The rapidly approaching termination of the Columbian Exposition and the enormous travel now directing itself to Chicago prompt the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to still further reduce its round trip rate on the popular World's Fair Coach Excursions. The rate from Philadelphia will be \$17; Lancaster, 16.85; Harrisburg, \$15.75; Altoona, \$14.50, and a proportionate reduction from other points along the main line and branches. These rates apply only to special trains leaving on September 25th, Oct. 2nd, and an additional one just arranged for October 6th. The tickets will, as before, be good for return passage within ten days on trains leaving Chicago at 3:15 and 11:30 P. M.

The rate has now reached the lowest possible point, and is within the means of almost every one, which end the railroad company has long been endeavoring to attain. Early application for tickets is urged, in view of the increased demand which will undoubtedly follow this liberal announcement.

The service for this travel will be maintained at the same standard for which the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is justly world wide famous.

Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets are not a substitute but a positive cure for the Tobacco or opium habit. Thousands testify to their efficiency. Ask your local druggist for them or write to the Ohio Chemical Co., Lima, Ohio.

HE OBEYED HIS MOTHER.

A Philadelphia boy, who went to the World's Fair recently with a party of friends, was urged by his mother not to go to the Fair on Sunday, as she did not think it was right. She got a letter from her offspring about a week afterward, and the following is an extract:

"I did not go to the World's Fair on Sunday, as you had asked me not to. The rest all went and I was lonesome, so I went to see a game of base ball in the afternoon, and at night I went to Buffalo Bill's Wild West show."

His mother nearly fainted, and his father laughed, and advised her to write and remove the embargo on the Sunday Fair without delay.

Were not the veterans dying off at the rate of 40,000 a year the spectacle of the allowance of but 1,082 cases a week by the Pension Bureau would not be so supremely melancholy. But the thought that they are dying almost as rapidly as they are being pensioned is a very sad one.

A VEST-POCKET

remedy—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Put up in little glass vials, handy and convenient. Sealed, too, so that you know they're always fresh and reliable, unlike the ordinary pills in wooden or pasteboard boxes.

There's nothing in the way of pills so small or so easy to take as these little Pellets. There's nothing so easy and natural in action—nothing that can do as much lasting good. They absolutely and permanently cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick or Bilious Headaches, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, and Dizziness. All derangements of liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

is perfectly, permanently and positively cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The proprietors of this medicine prove that by their offer. It's \$500 cash for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure. By all dealers in medicines; 50 cents.

ASK FOR AND TRY
manner'S
DOUBLE EXTRACT
SARSAPARILLA
PURIFIES THE BLOOD.
CURES GRIP.
CURES CATARRH.
CURES DYSPEPSIA.
CURES INDIGESTION.
CURES RHEUMATISM.
50¢ PER BOTTLE.
THE WORLD OVER:
MFG. BY THE MANNERS SARSAPARILLA CO.
BINGHAMTON, N.Y.



Mrs. JANE MOODY.

TERRIBLE! TERRIBLE!!

Salt Rheum for 20 Years.

SYSTEM THOROUGHLY PERMEATED,

YET

Dana's Sarsaparilla wrought a Cure!

MRS. MOODY RESIDES IN WESTON, AROOSTOOK CO., ME., AND WHOSE REMARKABLE STATEMENT WE PUBLISH BELOW, IS WELL KNOWN AS ONE OF THE "OLD SCHOOL WOMEN," WHOSE WORD IS GOOD AS GOLD, ONE OF THE THOUSANDS, WHOM THE SONS OF THE PINE TREE STATE ARE PROUD TO CALL MOTHER. SHE SAYS:—

"I have been terribly afflicted with Salt Rheum for over 20 years. At times my head would be one mass of eruptions. My hands were so bad they would bleed and I had to wear kid gloves; and I could hardly see, it affected my eyes so badly.

I doctored and doctored, tried other Sarsaparillas, Salves, Ointments, etc. Would diet, eat no butter or fat, or no meat, etc. But to no avail, I could get only temporary relief, no permanent cure. For a few years past I have had no appetite, could not sleep, and if I would look up I would be so dizzy that I would fall. I also suffered with indigestion.

I was hopeless THAT I was 71 years old. Last Christmas I commenced taking DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. The first bottle did not seem to help me in the least, but I persevered, and the result was wonderful. My hands and eyes are perfectly well, appetite good, indigestion cured, in fact, Salt Rheum CURES does not trouble me in the least now. It seems like a miracle to me."

To whom it may concern:— This is to certify that I am well acquainted with Mrs. Jane Moody, and know her statements to be true.

HOWARD F. MASON, Coll. of Taxes, Belfast, Me.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

\$40.00 Worth of \$1.50

The New York Musical Echo, the harmonious musical publication in the world, contains the best selection of music, both vocal and instrumental, ever published. Each month contains 32 pages of music, full sheet music size, and a life size portrait of some beautiful actress on the cover. Keep the Echoes together and you will have a grand portfolio of music.

Monthly, 15 cents. Yearly, \$1.50 postpaid. Subscribers at once send to get all the pretty pieces we are publishing. Address,

New York Musical Echo Co., Broadway Theatre Building, NEW YORK CITY.

PIANO

Tuning and Repairing.

J. J. LEJEAL,

Of Erie, Pa., will be here fore part of October. Orders left at Bush House will receive prompt attention. 24-35-f

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the premises of the undersigned about one-half miles northwest of State College on August 27th, 1893, a large brown horse, white marks but with some white on breast, about four years old. Owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take the animal away, otherwise it will be disposed of according to law.

WILLIAM McBRATH, No. 24-6-L.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE ESTATE OF LUCY ANN ECKLEY. Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre County there will be exposed to public sale on the premises in Huston Township, on Saturday, September 30th, 1893, at 1 o'clock P. M. the following described real estate, late of Lucy Ann Eckley, situated in said Township of Huston, at Locust Mills, about two miles East of Martha Furnace, bounded and described as follows: on the North by Bald Eagle Creek; on the East by land of Hayes Hartsock's Heirs; on the South by land of Hartsock's Heirs; and on the West by land of Hartsock's Heirs or a road; containing two acres, more or less.

The improvements are a two-story frame dwelling house, stable and other out buildings.

TERMS OF SALE: One-half the purchase money to be paid in cash upon confirmation of sale, and the remaining one-half in one year thereafter. The deferred payment to bear in interest and to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

A. A. DALE, Trustee. 24-35-3t

GOLD INVESTMENT.

Safe, Sure and Reliable.

A Gold producing enterprise under the control of men of high standing, widely known in public life and of unquestionable integrity, which guarantees honest, prudent and efficient management.

Data:—Productions during the last two fiscal years, \$1,325,772

At present available, 1,445,880

Send to undersigned, authorized agent for sale of Treasury Stock, for full particulars.

J. T. BAILEY, 56 Broadway, New York 24 4t

WHEN AT THE

WORLD'S FAIR, Chicago,

be sure to call at the unique exhibit of

LIEBIG COMPANY'S

EXTRACT OF BEEF

in the northeast

Waring's Peril.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

"Did I not tell you?" she exclaimed, as he entered the parlor. "Philippe Lascelles was here that very night, and had been seen with his brother at the office on Royal street twice before this thing happened, and they had trouble about money. Oh, I made her understand. I appealed to her as a woman to do what she could to right Mr. Waring, who was so generally believed to be the guilty man. I told her we had detectives tracing Philippe and would soon find how and when he reached New Orleans. Finally I showed her the dispatch that Mr. Reynolds sent up, and at last she broke down, burst into tears, and said she, too, had learned since the inquest that Philippe was with her husband, and probably was the stranger referred to, that awful night. She even suspected it at the time, for she knew he came not to borrow but to demand money that was rightfully his, and also certain papers that Armand held and that now were gone. It was she who told me of Philippe's having been seen with Armand at the office, but she declared she could not believe that he would kill her husband. I pointed out the fact that Armand had fired two shots from his pistol, apparently, and that no bullet marks had been found in the room where the quarrel took place, and that if his shots had taken effect on his antagonist he simply could not have been Waring, for though Waring had been bruised and beaten about the head, the doctor said there was no sign of bullet mark about him anywhere. She recognized the truth of this, but still she said she believed that there was a quarrel or was to be a quarrel between her husband and Mr. Waring. Otherwise I believe her throughout. I believe that, no matter what romance there was about nursing Philippe and his falling in love with her, she did not encourage him, did not call him here again, was true to her old husband. She is simply possessed with the idea that the quarrel which killed her husband was between himself and Mr. Waring, and that it occurred after Philippe had got his money and papers, and gone."

"We-e-ll, Philippe will have a heap to explain when he is found," was Cram's reply. "Now I have got to go to Doyle's. He is making some confession, I expect, to the priest."

But Cram never dreamed for an instant what that was to be.

That night poor Doyle's spirit took its flight, and the story of misery he had to tell, partly by scrawling with a pencil, partly by gesture in reply to question, partly in painfully-gasped sentences, a few words at a time, was practically this: Lascelles and his party did indeed leave him at the Pelican when he was so drunk he only vaguely knew what was going on or what had happened in the bar-room where they were drinking, but his wife had told him the whole story. Lascelles wanted more drink—champagne; the bar-tender wanted to close up. They bought several bottles, however, and had them put in the cab, and Lascelles was gay and singing, and, instead of going directly home, insisted on stopping to make a call on the lady who occupied the upper floor of the house Doyle rented on the levee. Doyle rarely saw her, but she sometimes wrote to Lascelles and got Bridget to take the letters to him. She was setting her cap for the old Frenchman. "We called her Mrs. Dawson." The cabman drove very slowly through the storm as Doyle walked home along with Bridget and some man who was helping, and when they reached the gate there was the cab and Waring in it. The cab-driver was standing by his horse, swearing at the delay and saying he would charge double fare. Doyle had had trouble with his wife for many years, and renewed trouble lately because of two visits Lascelles had paid there, and that evening when she sent for him he was drinking during the day; he dreaded more trouble, and 'twas he who took Waring's knife, and still had it, he said, when he entered the gate, and no sooner did he see Lascelles at his door than he ordered him to leave. Lascelles refused to go. Doyle knocked him down, and the Frenchman sprang up, swearing vengeance. Lascelles fired two shots, and Doyle struck once—with the knife—and there lay Lascelles, dead, before Doyle could know or realize what he was doing. In fact, Doyle never did know. It was what his wife had told him, and life had been a hell to him ever since that woman came back. She had black-mailed him, more or less, ever since he got his commission, because of an old trouble he'd had in Texas.

And this confession was written out for him, signed by Doyle on his dying bed, duly witnessed, and the civil authorities were promptly notified. Bridget Doyle was handed over to the police. Certain detectives out somewhere on the trail of somebody else were telegraphed to come in, and four days later, when the force of the fever was broken and Waring lay weak, languid, but returning to his senses, Cram and the doctor read the confession to their patient, and then started to their feet as he almost sprang from the bed.

"It's an infernal lie!" he weakly cried. "I took that knife from Doyle and kept it. I myself saw Lascelles to his gate, safe and sound."

The sunshine of an exquisite April morning was shimmering over the Louisiana lowlands as Battery "X" was "hitching in," and Mrs. Cram's pretty pony-phaeton came flashing through the garrison gate and reined up in front of the guns. A proud and happy woman was Mrs. Cram, and daintily she gathered the spotted, cream-colored reins and slanted her long English driving-whip at the ex-

act angle prescribed by the vogue of the day. By her side, reclining luxuriously on his pillows, was Sam Waring, now senior first lieutenant of the battery, taking his first airing since his strange illness. Pallid and thin though he was, that young gentleman was evidently capable of appreciating to the fullest extent the devoted attentions of which he had been the object ever since his return. Staunch friend and fervent champion of her husband's most distinguished officer at any time, Mrs. Cram had thrown herself into his cause with a zeal that challenged the admiration even of the men whom she mercilessly snubbed because they had accepted the general verdict that Lascelles had died by Waring's hand. Had they met in the duello as practiced in the south in those days, sword to sword, or armed with pistol at twelve paces, she would have shuddered, but maintained that as a soldier and gentleman Waring could not have refused his opponent's challenge, inexcusable though such challenge might have been. But that he could have stooped to vulgar, unregulated fracas, without seconds or the formality of the cartel, first with fists and those women's weapons, nails, then knives or stilettoes, as though he were some low dago or Sicilian—why, that was simply and utterly incredible. None the less she was relieved and rejoiced, as were all Waring's friends, when the full purport of poor Doyle's dying confession was noised abroad. Even those who were skeptical were now silenced. For four days her comfort and relief had been inexpressible; and then came the hour when, with woe and trouble in his face, her husband returned to her from Waring's bedside with the incomprehensible tidings that he had utterly repudiated Doyle's confession—had, indeed, said that which could probably only serve to renew the suspicion of his own guilt, or else justify the theory that he was demoted.

Though Cram and the doctor warned Waring not to talk, talk he would, to Pierce, to Ferry, to Ananias; and though these three were pledged by Cram to reveal to no one what Waring said, it plunged them in an agony of doubt and misgiving. Day after day had the patient told and retold the



"IT'S AN INFERNAL LIE!"

story, and never could cross-questioning shake him in the least. Cram sent for Reynolds and took him into their confidence, and Reynolds heard the story and added his questions, but to no effect. From first to last he remembered every incident up to his parting with Lascelles at his own gateway. After that—nothing.

His story, in brief, was as follows: He was both surprised and concerned while smoking and chatting with Mr. Allerton in the rotunda of the St. Charles to see Lascelles, with a friend, evidently watching an opportunity of speaking with him. He had noticed about a week previous a marked difference in the old Frenchman's manner, and three days before the tragedy, when calling on his way from town to see madame and Nin Nin, was informed that they were not at home, and monsieur himself was the informant; nor did he, as heretofore, invite Waring to enter. Sam was a fellow who detested misunderstanding. Courteously, but positively, he demanded explanation. Lascelles shrugged his shoulders, but gave it. He had heard too much of monsieur's attentions to madame, his wife, and desired their immediate discontinuance. He must request monsieur's assurance that he would not again visit Beau Rivage, or else the reparation due a man of honor, etc. "Whereupon," said Waring, "I didn't propose to be outdone in civility, and therefore replied, in the best French I could command: 'Permit me to tender monsieur—both. Monsieur's friends will find me at the barracks.'"

"All the same," said Waring, "when I found madame and Nin Nin stuck in the mud I did what I considered the proper thing, and drove them, coram publico, to 'bonne maman's,' never letting them see, of course, that there was any row on tap, and so when I saw the old fellow with a keen-looking party alongside I felt sure it meant mischief. I was utterly surprised, therefore, when Lascelles came up with hat off and hand extended, bowing low, praying pardon for the intrusion, but saying he could not defer another instant the desire to express his gratitude the most profound for my extreme courtesy to madame and his beloved child. He had heard the whole story, and, to my confusion, insisted on going over all the details before Allerton, even to my heroism, as he called it, in knocking down that big bully of a cabman. I was confused, yet couldn't shake him off. He was persistent. He was abject. He begged to meet my friend, to present his, to open champagne and drink eternal friendship. He would change the name of his chateau—the rotten old rookery—from Beau Rivage to Belle Alliance. He would make this day a fete in the calendar of the Lascelles family. And then it began to dawn on me that he had been drinking champagne before he came. I did not catch the name of the other gentleman, a much younger

man. He was very ceremonious and polite, but distant. Then, in some way, came up the fact that I had been trying to get a cab to take me back to barracks, and then Lascelles declared that nothing could be more opportune. He had secured a carriage and was just going down with monsieur. They had des affaires to transact at once. He took me aside and said: 'In proof that you accept my amende, and in order that I may make to you my personal apologies, you must accept my invitation.' So go with them I did. I was all the time thinking of Cram's mysterious note bidding me return at taps. I couldn't imagine what was up, but I made my best endeavors to get a cab. None was to be had, so I was really thankful for this opportunity. All the way down Lascelles overwhelmed me with civilities, and I could only murmur and protest, and the other party only murmured approbation. He hardly spoke English at all. Then Lascelles insisted on a stop at the Pelican, and on bumpers of champagne, and there, as luck would have it, was Doyle—drunk, as usual, and determined to join the party; and, though I endeavored to put him aside, Lascelles would not have it. He insisted on being presented to the comrade of his gallant friend, and in the private room where we went he overwhelmed Doyle with details of our grand reconciliation and with bumper after bumper of Krug. This enabled me to fight shy of the wine, but in ten minutes Doyle was fighting drunk, Lascelles tipsy. The driver came in for his pay, saying he would go no further. They had a row. Lascelles wouldn't pay; called him an Irish thief and all that. I slipped my last V into the driver's hand and got him out, somehow. M. Philippe, or whatever his name was, said he would go out—he'd get a cab in the neighborhood; and the next thing I knew Lascelles and Doyle were in a fury of a row. Lascelles said all the Irish were knaves, and blackguards and swindlers, and Doyle stumbled around after him. Out came a pistol! Out came a knife! I tripped Doyle and got him into a chair, and was so intent on pacifying him and telling him not to make a fool of himself that I didn't notice anything else. I handled him good-naturedly, got the knife away, and then was amazed to find that he had my own pet paper-cutter. I made them shake hands and make up. 'It was all a mistake,' said Lascelles. But what made it a worse mistake, the old man would order more wine, and with it brandy. He insisted on celebrating this second grand reconciliation, and then both got drunker, but the tall Frenchman had Lascelles' pistol and I had the knife, and then a cab came, and, though it was storming beastly and I had Ferry's duds on and Larkin's best tile and Pierce's umbrella, we bundled in somehow and drove on down the levee, leaving Doyle in the hands of that Amazon of a wife of his and a couple of doughboys who happened to be around there. Now Lascelles was all hilarity, singing, joking, confidential. Nothing would do but we must stop and call on a lovely woman, a belle amie. He could rely on our discretion, he said, laying his finger on his nose, and looking sly and coquettish, for all the world like some old roue of a Frenchman. He must stop and see her and take her some wine. 'Indeed,' he said, mysteriously, 'it is rendezvous.' Well, I was their guest; I had no money. What could I do? It was then after eleven, I should judge. M. Philippe, or whatever his name was, gave orders to the driver. We pulled up, and then, to my surprise, I found we were at Doyle's. That ended it. I told them they must excuse me. They protested, but of course I couldn't go in there. So they took a couple of bottles apiece and went in the gate and I settled myself for a nap and got it. I don't know how long I slept, but I was aroused by the devil's own tumult. A shot had been fired. Men and women both were screaming and swearing. Some one suddenly burst into the cab beside me, really pushed from behind, and then away we went through the mud and rain; and the lightning was flashing now, and presently I could recognize Lascelles, raging. 'Infame! Coquin! Assassin!' were the mildest terms he was volleys at somebody, and then, recognizing me, he burst into mad laughter, swore I was his only friend. He had been insulted, abused, denied reparation. Was he hurt? I inquired, and instinctively felt for my knife. It was still there where I'd hid it in the inside pocket of my overcoat. No hurt; not a blow. Did I suppose that he, a Frenchman, would pardon that or leave the spot until satisfaction had been exacted? Then I begged him to be calm and listen to me for a moment. I told him my plight—that I had given my word to be at the barracks that evening; that I had no money left, but I could go no further. Instantly he forgot his woes and became absorbed in my affairs. 'Parole d'honneur!' he would see that mine was never unsullied. He himself would escort me to the maison de Capitaine Cram. He would rejoice to say to that brave enemy, Behold! here is thy lieutenant, of honor the most unsullied, of courage the most admirable, of heart the most magnanimous. The Lord only knows what he wouldn't have done had we not pulled up at his gate. There I helped him out on the banquette. He was steadied by his row, whatever it had been. He would not let me expose myself—even under Pierce's umbrella. He would not permit me to suffer 'from times so of the dog.' 'You will drive monsieur to his home and return here for me at once,' he ordered cabby, grasped both my hands with fervent good night and the explanation that he had much haste, implored pardon for leaving me—on the morrow he would call and explain everything—then darted into the gate. We never could have parted on more friendly terms. I stood for a moment to see that he safely reached his door, for a light was dimly burning in the hall, then turned to jump into the cab, but it

wasn't there. Nothing was there. I jumped from the banquette into a berth aboard some steamer out at sea. They tell me the first thing I asked for was Pierce's umbrella and Larkin's hat."

And this was the story that Waring maintained from first to last. "Pills" ventured a query as to whether the amount of Krug and Clicquot consumed might not have overthrown his mental equipoise. No, Sam declared, he drank very little. "The only Bacchanalian thing I did was to join in a jovial chorus from a new French opera which Lascelles' friend piped up and I had heard in the north:

"Où, buvons, buvons encore
S'il est un vin qu'on adore
De Paris à Macao,
C'est le Clicquot, c'est le Clicquot."

Asked if he had formed any conjecture as to the identity of the stranger, Sam said no. The name sounded like "Philippe," but he couldn't be sure. But when told that there were rumors to the effect that Lascelles' younger brother had been seen with him twice or three of late, and that he had been in exile because, if anything, of a hopeless passion for madame his sister-in-law, and that his name was Philippe, Waring looked dazed. Then a sudden light, as of newer, fresher memory, flashed up in his eyes. He seemed about to speak, but as suddenly controlled himself and turned his face to the wall. From that time on he was determinedly dumb about the stranger. What roused him to lively interest and conjecture, however, was Cram's query as to whether he had not recognized in the cabman called in by the stranger the very one whom he had "knocked endwise" and who had tried to shoot him that morning. "No," said Waring, "the man did not speak at all, that I noticed, and I did not once see his face, he was so bundled up against the storm." But if it was the same party, suggested he, it seemed hardly necessary to look any further in explanation of his own disappearance. Cabby had simply squared matters by knocking him senseless, helping himself to his watch and ring and turning out his pockets, then hammering him until frightened off, and then, to cover his tracks, setting him afloat in Anatole's boat.

"Perhaps cabby took a hand in the murder, too," suggested Sam, with eager interest. "You say he had disappeared—gone with his plunder. Now, who else could have taken my knife?"

Then Reynolds had something to tell him; that the "lady" who wrote the anonymous letters, the belle amie whom Lascelles proposed to visit, the occupant of the upper floor of "the dove-cot," was none other than the blighted floweret who had appealed to him for aid and sympathy, for fifty dollars at first and later for more, the first year of his army service in the south, "for the sake of the old home." Then Waring grew even more excited and interested. "Pills" put a stop to further developments for a few days. He feared a relapse. But, in spite of "Pills," the developments, like other maladies, thrived. The little detective came down again. He was oddly inquisitive about that chanson a boire from "Fleur de The." Would Mr. Waring hum it for him? And Sam, now sitting up in his parlor, turned to his piano, and with long, slender, fragile-looking fingers rattled a lively prelude and then faintly quavered the rollicking words.

"Odd," said Mr. Pepper, as they had grown to call him, "I heard that sung by a fellow up in Chartres street two nights hand-running before this thing happened—a merry cuss, too, with a rather loose hand on his shekels. Lots of people may know it, though, mayn't they?"

"No, indeed, not down here," said Sam. "It only came out in New York within the last four months, and hasn't been south or west at all, that I know of. What did he look like?"

"Well, what did the fellow that was with you look like?"

But here Sam's description grew vague. So Pepper went up to have a beer by himself at the cafe chantant on Chartres street, and didn't return for nearly a week.

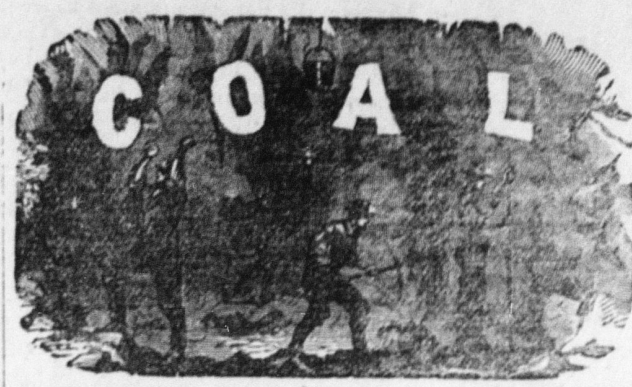
Meantime came this exquisite April morning and Sam's appearance in the pony phaeton in front of Battery "X." Even the horses seemed to prick up their ears and be glad to see him. Grim old war sergeants rode up to touch their caps and express the hope that they'd soon have the lieutenant in command of the right section again "not but what Loot'n' Ferry's doing first-rate, sir"—and for a few minutes, as his fair charioteer drove him around the battery, in his weak, languid voice Waring indulged in a little of his own characteristic chaffing: "I expect you to bring this section up to top notch, Mr. Ferry, as I am constitutionally opposed to any work on my own account. I beg to call your attention, sir, to the fact that it's very bad form to appear with full dress sabatque on your horse when the battery is in fatigue. The red blanket, sir, the red blanket only should be used. Be good enough to stretch your traces there, right caisson. Yes, I thought so, swing trace is twisted. Carelessness, Mr. Ferry, and indifference to duty are things I won't tolerate. Your cheek strap, too, sir, is an inch too long. Your bit will fall through that horse's mouth. This won't do, sir, not in my section, sir. I'll fine you a box of Partagas if it occurs again."

But the blare of the bugle sounding "attention" announced the presence of the battery commander. Nell whipped up in an instant and whisked her invalid out of the way.

"Good morning, Capt. Cram," said he, as he passed his smiling chief. "I regret to observe, sir, that things have been allowed to run down somewhat in my absence."

"Oh, out with you, you combination of cheek and incapacity, or I'll run you down with the whole battery. Oh! Waring, some gentlemen in a carriage have just stopped at your quarters, all in black, too. Ah, here's the orderly now."

Continued next week.



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THE LOUISIANA MURDER.

The murder of three colored men by a mob in the parish of Jefferson, Louisiana, about two weeks ago, will take rank among the most cruel and unjustifiable crimes of the day. The colored men had been guilty of no legal offense whatever. They were simply the brothers of a man who had committed murder, and for this relationship they paid the penalty of death. It is probable that, in accord with precedent in Louisiana as well as other parts of the South, the murderers of the colored men will go unpunished. Public sentiment in Louisiana appears to sustain the actors in such tragedies, and would make it difficult, if not impossible, to bring them to justice. As the ancient Spartans used to go forth at intervals and slaughter helots in order to keep the serf in abject submission to their masters, so it seems to be the policy in certain parts of the South to kill colored people now and then on one pretext or another, or no pretext at all, in order to teach the survivors that they are at the mercy of the former slaveholding class.

THE REPUBLICAN says this in no spirit of hostility to the South. On the contrary we cordially recognize the many excellent qualities of the Southern people, and there fore the more deeply regret that those qualities should be marred by the continual ruthless slaughter of black American citizens, sometimes accused of crime and at other times, as in the present instance, known to be innocent of any crime.

It is not by a reign of terror that harmony between the races in the South is to be maintained and perpetuated, but by reason, education and, above all, justice. When the dominant race makes a mockery of the laws enacted by legislatures of its own choosing how can that race expect the negroes to respect the laws? Events like the Louisiana lynching are not only blots upon the community in which they occur, but a menace to the public security and a provocation to awful reprisals.

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For further information write for circulars. Address, Frank Worts & Co., Wausau, Wis. Drawer 1029. 38 4t

If the intention of the democrats—led by the men who marshalled armies to ruin the country—is to cripple the north,

debase free labor establish free trade, rob the soldier, impoverish the manufacturer, their purpose and plans are being carried out without a change in the programme.

CHANGES IN 100 YEARS.

On September 18, 1793, the original corner-stone of the National Capitol was laid by George Washington with magnificent Masonic ceremonies. The centennial of that great event occurred on Tuesday. The best demonstration of the progress of this country since 1793 is found in the appended figures: In 1793 there were 15 States and 1893 there are 44. A population of 3,229,328 has increased to 67,186,000, occupying an area of 3,580,805 square miles, which in the original was only about 805,461. Philadelphia was then the largest city in the United States, having a population of 42,620, New York coming second with 33,121, Boston 18,033 and Baltimore 13,503. Chicago, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and St. Paul were not on the maps, while St. Louis, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh were just beginning to be. New York with 1,710,715 people, Philadelphia with 1,142,953 and Chicago with 1,099,850 comprise more population than that credited to the country 100 years ago. The Congress of 1793 had 135 members and the Congress now in session has 448 on a ratio of representation of 1 to 143,901 of population to only 30,000 a century ago.

As evidence of the nation's growth here is the money side of the review: In 1793 the receipts into the Treasury were \$5,720,624, and in 1893 they are \$461,807,788. The expenditures under Washington were \$7,529,575, while in Cleveland's like year they amount to \$459,461,114. From imports then the aggregate was \$31,000,000, and to-day it is \$806,361,421. The exports were valued at \$26,109,000 and now the total is \$847,508,024. Washington was satisfied with 209 post office appointments, while Cleveland has 67,119 at his disposal. The revenue from post offices then was \$104,747 and expenditures \$72,040. The revenue today is \$75,989,100 and the expenditures \$81,229,543. There were 19 colleges then and 897 to-day. Public schools were among the unknown, along with railroads, the telegraph and telephone. In public schools alone for the year 1893 there are 13,010,136 pupils enrolled, with 369,634 teachers in charge.

The wonderful cures of thousands of people—they tell the story of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Cures.

How very far fetched is the efforts of the democratic party to put the responsibility of the present distress upon Republican shoulders! But the poor dupes who followed false prophets last fall will not always be deceived, and this fall's election will prove it. Get ready for the landslide.

UNCLE PETER.

From constantly telling the story of Uncle Peter and his wealth, good old Captain Cogolin had come to believe in it himself. The truth really was that the said Uncle Peter had been the despair of his family from his very childhood, and had finally embarked on an American ship as a cabin boy, after which nothing more had been heard of him.

This was the plain, unvarnished truth, but Captain Cogolin was a native of Marseilles and had an imaginative mind, consequently this plain truth had to be embellished. One day he happened to come across a sailor who had just returned from the United States, and after drinking a glass or two of spirits together the two men became communicative. The captain happened to mention the fact that he had an uncle living out in America. He drew upon his imaginative mind and was able to describe the said uncle.

The accommodating sailor remembered having met just such an individual, and, what was more, the supposed Uncle Peter had even confided a box of presents to the care of the sailor for distribution among his relations on the other side of the water. Unfortunately on the way home there had been a terrible storm, and the box had been dropped overboard, but still the fact remained that Uncle Peter had made a fortune out in the new country and had sent word to his friends that he should not forget them.

Two or three years went by, and at the end of that time Uncle Peter owned plantations, slaves, gold mines, petroleum mines, and everything, in fact, that an American uncle is expected to possess.

The Cogolin family became the envy of the little village where they lived, and in the evenings when the women gathered together round the doorsteps of the steep, narrow streets for their daily gossip, the name of the famous Uncle Peter was frequently heard.

The Cogolins themselves waited patiently. "Poor fellow," the captain would say; "let him live as long as God wills. We are in no hurry."

One day a letter arrived for Captain Cogolin. It was from New York, and the envelope had the embassy stamp. It was a heavy letter and might have contained any number of bank notes.

There was, however, nothing more in it, and nothing less than the certificate of the death of Peter Cogolin.

"He is really dead, then?" said the captain's wife.

"Of course he is, since the ambassador has taken the trouble to send us this."

There was a solemn silence, and then, although no one but the captain had ever set eyes on the American uncle, a few tears were shed in honor of his memory.

The wife then spoke again. "All the same, your ambassador does not say a word about his money!"

"Yo would perhaps have liked him to have written about that first and then told us of his death in a second letter. No, no, they don't do like that in America. They know what's what, and they would not write to us point blank about money as though they thought we were starving. We have only to wait, and as soon as he decently can the ambassador will write to us about the money matters."

Unfortunately the ambassador, no doubt through negligence, did not send another letter, and in place of the peaceful dreams with which they had deluded themselves a fever—the money fever—seized the whole Cogolin family. They did nothing now but dream of Uncle Peter's millions, and on Sundays when they were all gathered together in their cabin it seemed as though the sun had lost its brightness and as though even the garlic had no flavor.

One morning the captain announced his intention of taking a trip.

"I can very well get off for a month or so," he said. "The lads will manage the boat during my absence, and I feel as though I can't rest without seeing for myself what's going on in New York."

He had to embark from Havre, which made him furious, as he looked upon money spent in railway traveling as money stolen from him.

The enormous ship, however, with all its sailors and passengers, the gilt of the saloons and the bright, marvelous machinery, threw him into an almost religious admiration.

From 8 o'clock in the morning until evening he never uttered a word, but just wandered about from one end of the deck to the other or gazed at the foaming waves.

His speech only returned to him toward the end of the journey, when he began to speculate on what he should find awaiting him in New York.

He began to be restless and wanted to talk to some one about his errand. The steward was a compatriot, and therefore inspired him with confidence, but the steward was busy and referred him to two tall, lanky, sunburned men who were always strolling up and down the deck together, and who looked like Americans.

"Those gentlemen will tell you all about New York," said the steward. "They know the place like A B C."

Captain Cogolin was delighted at the idea of making the acquaintance of people who knew the city of his dreams so thoroughly, and he followed them about everywhere, from the stern to the bridge, up and down deck, and into the narrow corridors of the cabins, trying all the time to enter into conversation with them.

They, however, did not seem anxious to meet his advances. Each time that the captain, with his hat in his hand, approached them and commenced in his most affable manner, "Excuse me, gentlemen, but do you happen to know?"—they turned around quickly, pretending not to hear, and walked off, leaving him standing there.

"They certainly have odd manners," said the captain to himself, and then he consoled himself with the idea that, after all, every country had its own customs.

The two Americans, in their turn puzzled by the eccentricities of this man, who followed them about everywhere, questioned the steward, and as he was fond of a joke he drew upon his imagination for their benefit.

"You know there has been a great diamond robbery in Paris?" he said confidentially. "Well, that man is Ernest, the celebrated detective. He is on the track of the thieves and to avoid suspicion has disguised himself."

The two Americans looked at each other and soon afterward went down into their cabin and shut themselves in.

They did not appear again on deck, not even when the ship sighted New York, and all the passengers were admiring the panorama. On landing, Captain Cogolin looked out for them, but in vain. They had slipped away amid the confusion.

"The embassy, sir. Can you tell me the way to the embassy?"

It was the captain, who after wandering about all day in a network of streets and avenues, all exactly alike and all mercilessly numbered, was trying for the hundredth time to get some information.

"How in heaven's name shall I ever make these hurrying, crowding, English speaking savages understand!" he exclaimed at last in despair. "Why in all the round world couldn't my Uncle Peter have taken himself somewhere else to die?"

Suddenly the captain caught sight of a face he knew. Yes, it certainly was one of the Americans with whom he had traveled. There could be no mistaking him, although he had changed his clothes and his hair and beard were cropped close.

"Sir!—sir!"

The other one hears and makes off. But no, this time he shall not escape, and the captain follows him.

The American has long legs, but the captain has strong ones.

"What!" he says below his breath. "this fellow knows New York like A B C, and he won't just tell me where to find the embassy."

The American cannot escape, he skims round corners, and he dodges down streets but the captain keeps up behind him.

The chase goes on until at last the American is incapable of running another step, and he takes refuge in a restaurant. The captain follows him and says, breathlessly: "Excuse me, sir, but can you tell me?"

The American turns pale, pushes a chair to the captain, and says in excellent French: "Hush! let's have no fuss and no useless scandal. Sit down here a minute in this corner."

"Good!" thought the captain, "he's a queer stick, but he's getting more reasonable."

The American continued: "I know what you've come to New York for. Now, the question is, can we come to an understanding?"

"Why, certainly we can. Certainly we can," exclaimed the captain, rubbing his hands. "It seems to me straightforward people can always come to an understanding."

"Hang the straightforwardness, but let's come to business," said the American desperately. "In this pocketbook there are £2,000 in bank notes. If you'll say the word, they are yours, and \$1,000 more shall be brought to you tonight when the Brittany weighs anchor. Is it understood that you start with the Brittany?"

"Why, certainly, certainly, on those terms," said the captain, who was more and more bewildered at every word uttered by the American.

He tried in vain to understand it all, but it was and ever remained a hopeless mystery to him. He pocketed the money and then found his way to the docks and made inquiries about the Brittany. He secured his passage, and sure enough the money promised him was brought to the boat that night, and Captain Cogolin was not sorry to set sail, for he had had enough of New York.

And so the captain returned to the bosom of his family, but to this day it is a mystery to him why he should have received his Uncle Peter's legacy in so extraordinary a manner. It certainly was extraordinary on taking into consideration the fact that the said uncle had died insolvent in the hospital.—Millions.

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PROGRESS AMONG NEGROES.

The Southwestern Christian Advocate believes that there are "signs of promise" for the negro and congratulates that race on its rapid advance since the days of slavery.

We don't believe that any race in any age ever covered an equal distance in the same time. A single generation has passed since they owned themselves, and the work done has been as encouraging as it has been unexpected. You can't hope to lift several millions up to a high level in thirty years, but if these millions are headed for the higher level and certain exceptional members of it reach that level it is impossible to despair.

There are men of color in Yale, Harvard, Howard, Fisk, Shaw and in nearly all the other educational institutions of the land. The records show that they are not at the foot of the class, but, on the contrary, hold good positions and give promise of future usefulness. The savings banks of the South present a very agreeable exhibit. The colored people are swinging into economy and thrift, and there are millions to their credit.

This country furnishes them with a good chance in the race for success. The prejudice against color is rapidly dying out in the North, where it was always more intense than in the South, and we don't much care whether a man is black or white or pea green provided he has brains.

\$100 REWARD. \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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La Guitare, Storm and Rain Gavotte, Dance of the Gnomes, Please, Another Waltz.

FOCAL, Farewell, Oh, Farewell, The Song My Mother Sang, The Will Rosebud.

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BRIXTON'S CHOICE.

There are many varieties of matrimonial proposals besides those which appear in novels, and one of them made a lot of trouble a year or two ago for John Brixton. Brixton was one of the intelligent fellows who are adaptive, so he had acquired a lot of acquaintances who were the envy of every one that knew him. Although he was only a salesman on salary—quite a good salary, it must be said—for a large firm of iron manufacturers, he was frequently accosted familiarly by bank presidents and other business magnates and could slap any of these gentlemen on the shoulder without giving offense.

As he was a bachelor and old enough to have outgrown the habit of lounging through successive evenings in houses where there were pretty daughters, he was available for dinner parties given by men who knew no better way of spending an evening. Everybody among his acquaintances wished him well and wished they could do something for him, but they respected him all the more because he never tried to borrow money nor asked for any other favors. Solid business men told one another that Brixton would be one of them some day. He merely needed the chance which comes to every deserving man in the course of time, and each of them hoped it might be his own fortune to throw the chance in Brixton's way.

It seemed one day to old Budder, president of the Forty-seventh National bank and a hearty admirer of Brixton, that he was just the man to throw a fortune in Brixton's way. The plan came to Budder's mind suddenly, but sudden inspirations and quick action thereon are part of the daily life of the most stolid presidents of big banks. Brixton had promised to lunch with the bank magnate at midday, and he appeared at the bank just in time to see the old man bowing out a lady with more courtesy and ceremony than he imagined Budder capable of.

As the old man caught sight of Brixton he exclaimed:

"One moment, Miss Fewse. Allow me to introduce my very dear and old friend, Mr. John Brixton. Mr. Brixton, Miss Fewse, daughter of old Ben Fewse, whom every one has heard of."

Brixton bowed and looked curiously at the lady. He had seen her father occasionally before increasing years and doctors had sent Mr. Fewse to his final home, and his eyes searched the daughter's face for indications of her father's distinguished traits. He found them, too, although the interview was short.

Miss Fewse was richly and simply dressed. Her figure, like her father's was dumpy, and her face, though not rude, was as broad and heavy and her forehead was as low as that of old Ben himself. Still, her manner was womanly, and as she finally took her departure Brixton who had a dear old mother as well as a sister whom he regarded as the best young woman alive, sorrowed to himself that a man as rich as old Ben Fewse could not have married some one whose blood could have atoned for the rudeness of his own.

"Well, John," said the president, after handing Miss Fewse into her carriage, "you owe me one. Any one of a thousand good fellows in New York would give 10 years of his life for such an introduction to Miss Fewse as I gave you just now. Go right ahead now and make use of it."

"You're always doing the friendly thing, Budder," remarked Brixton, sinking into an easy chair, "but I don't quite understand it this time."

"Don't, eh?" said the president, hastily reighting a cigar which he had laid on his desk when Miss Fewse was announced.

"Well (puff), Miss Fewse is joint her with (puff) her brother—her only brother mind you. Old Ben's estate is estimated by his executors at \$8,000,000. I don't know how close that comes to the truth—I don't take much stock in what I can't see with my own eyes—but this much I do know."

Then the president clapped two pudgy hands upon Brixton's knees looked squarely into Brixton's eyes and said in a low, measured monotone:

"John Brixton, I know of my own knowledge that Ada Fewse has over one million—dollars—in good railroad bonds right in my safe here. 'Nough said, eh?'"

"Enough money, I should say, for an unmarried woman who doesn't look as if her tastes were expensive. But what have I to do with it? You said—"

"Do with it?" echoed the President.

"Why, you donkey, make it your own. Marry the girl. She isn't a beauty, I must admit, but she's respectable and honest, and she'd accept you in a minute."

"Upon my word, Budder," laughed Brixton, "you've been in business so long that even women seem property to you. Miss Fewse never saw me until five minutes ago."

"Perhaps not, but she's got her father's level head on her shoulders. She's seen dozens of other men. Scarcely a month goes by without some fellow offering himself to her—for the sake of her money, of course. She doesn't object to marrying, for, being a woman, she has a heart, but she has enough character to want a husband whom she can respect, and none of the fellows who have offered themselves thus far has been of that kind."

"Upon my word, Budder," said the younger man, "I never would have taken you, good fellow though you are for a man whom an unmarried woman would have selected as confidant. It does you credit,

though, that she seems to have opened her heart to you."

"Oh, well, Ben and I have been in many speculations together, and she knows he always trusted me. Besides there's no sentimental nonsense about her. She isn't afraid to unload her ideas upon an old friend of the family, so we've talked very freely about it. By the way, she has such a matter of fact manner that she looks older than she is. She's really five years younger than you. Your fortune's made, poor boy, unless you make a fool of yourself in some way."

"Let me sound her about it. You may count upon me to do it without lack of proper respect for either of you, and I'll bet the entire assets of this bank against a penny that you may announce your engagement within a week. Then you'll be hand in glove with a lot of us fellows in a business way as well as socially, and we want you—we really do."

"Time to—!" ejaculated the president, firing his cigar butt at the cuspidor with such energy that it overshot the mark and elicited a howl of anguish from the b's cat as she mistook the missile for a mouse when she opened her eyes from a peaceful slumber. "There're some things that a fellow can't afford to think about. Do you stop to think when a trout rises to your fly? Come along to lunch and make up your mind on the way."

But John Brixton wasn't able to give a decisive answer over the coffee and cigars. A million dollars in good securities seemed well worth the taking by a man who had worked industriously for 15 or 20 years only to reach a salary of \$5,000, and an appreciative wife thrown in seemed like so much extra luck, for John's mother and sister had for years warned him that wives who hold good husbands in proper regard are as scarce as model husbands.

On the other hand, old Ben Fewse's daughter, who looked as much like her father as a woman could look like a man, would be a strange companion for a man who, in spite of much attention to material things in the way of business, had inherited many fine tastes and sentiments which he had kept in good, usable condition. Whoever he might marry ought to be fairly companionable to his mother and sister—two women whom he could not imagine enjoying Miss Fewse's society.

But while John Brixton went on thinking and wondering and compromising and rejecting his own compromises old Budder took the case in hand as earnestly as if it were a promising investment for his own bank. He was too good a business man to exceed his authority, but he and his wife took Miss Fewse out driving the very afternoon that he had made his suggestion to Brixton, and they took her home to dinner with them, and the old man made opportunity to sound the praise of John Brixton and to tell what fine women John's mother and sister were. So before the evening was over Miss Fewse was conscious of a mighty wish that some man like John Brixton would ask her to change her name and share her life and fortune with her.

Brixton had been at his office only half an hour the next morning when one of the clerks shouted:

"Some one on the telephone for you, sir."

"Who is it?" John asked, raising his eyes from a letter he was reading.

"Forty-seventh National bank—President Budder," the clerk replied.

"Wait a moment," said Brixton, dropping the letter, seizing his hat and starting for the door. "I'm out—you don't know when I'll be in."

One of the firm who had overheard the conversation asked his partner whether he supposed Brixton had been speculating in Wall street and got more accommodation from the Forty-seventh National than his collaterals would warrant, and the partner replied that it might not be a bad thing to keep Brixton out of temptation by sending him to South America to look after a railway contract which they had been trying to secure through correspondents.

As for Brixton, he went straight home and prowled about the house until he found his sister.

"Ettie," said he, "you and I have always been confidential friends, although we're brother and sister. I want to ask you an unusual question, and I want you to answer it without joking or raising your eyebrows or any other teasing. Suppose I should suddenly determine that I wanted to marry. Whom would you best like for a sister?"

The young woman did not start or laugh or do anything expressive of astonishment, but answered promptly:

"I've longed for years to see you and Agnes Hammice make a match. You're made for each other."

"Longed for years, eh? Never changed your mind?"

"Never. Isn't she my dearest friend? Isn't she as good and sweet and handsome as—she is poor?"

"What does mother think of her?"

"Just what I think and what everyone most who knows her. The dear girl would have been snapped up long ago if she hadn't been too poor to appear properly in the society for which she's best fitted. As it is, scarcely any young men know her except those who are not fit to tie her shoes."

"What do you suppose she thinks of me?"

"Well, on general principles she can't help liking you. For the rest, she must

think you're the one supremely perfect man on the face of the earth."

"H'm! What wonderful thing you must have said of me—behind my back. Do you suppose you could arrange us—she, you and I—to take a drive this afternoon?"

"Yes, but—"

"Exactly. Then find some excuse after your return from inviting her to find something which will unavoidably prevent your going."

By way of reply Ettie Brixton sprang from her chair, kissed her brother effusively and hurried off to dress for a morning call.

Miss Hammice went driving with John Brixton that afternoon, and although she was very sorry that dear Ettie wasn't with them she enjoyed herself greatly after the manner of busy people whose special pleasures come infrequently.

As the drive prolonged itself she changed her mind about Ettie. She wouldn't have had the girl with her for worlds, for although there was more happiness in that carriage than she had ever before imagined the world contain there was only enough for two, and the mere presence of any one else, even her dearest friend, would have entirely spoiled it. Instead of taking her directly home after returning from the pleasant country lanes through which he had driven, John Brixton drove to his own home and called his sister down to the little parlor, while he remained outside to watch the horses.

It seemed to him that he sat there alone at least 24 hours, although the parlor clock had ticked off only 90 minutes when Agnes tore herself away from Ettie with the remark that she could not be entirely happy until she had reached home and told her mother all about it.

President Budder was still at his dinner table that evening when a letter was brought in. The servant said a special messenger had brought it, with instructions to deliver at once.

"One of the delights of being a financial magnate!" growled the old man as he tore the end from the envelope. "Can't eat my dinner in peace. Any customer in such a hurry must be—great Scott!"

"Has some one failed?" asked Mrs. Budder.

"I should say so—failed to make a fortune. Listen to this:

"MY DEAR BUDDER—Perhaps men grow more bashful as they grow older. At any rate, I'd rather write you than tell you face to face that the reason I hesitate to avail myself of your kind suggestion regarding Miss Fewse is that I am already engaged to a most estimable young woman. I shall expect you and your wife to dance at the wedding, which will be within a month."

"A thousand thanks, my dear boy, for your kind interest in me. As your own married life has been very happy, I trust you'll understand me when I say that I'm unwavering a tremendous fortune, though every bit of it consists of human nature. Yours always,

JOHN BRIXTON

"A million dollars—yes, three million dollars out!" exclaimed President Budder, dashing the letter to the floor. "Did you ever know such a fool?"

"I hope so," said Mrs. Budder. "I'd like to believe you'd have been just such a one yourself if a rich woman had been thrown at your head when you were paying attentions to me. Goodness knows you got nothing but me when you married. Stevens, bring up the oldest bottle in the cellar. We seldom have so good an excuse to open it."

"Right you are, my dear, as usual," said the bank president, going to the head of the table and giving his wife a kiss which might have been heard a block away had the windows been open.—Once a Week.

SWINGING AROUND THE CIRCLE.

Of the diseases to which is adapted with the best results, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family medicine, comprehensive in its scope, has never been thrust upon public attention in the guise of a universal panacea for bodily ills. This claim, daily arrogated in the columns of the daily press by the proprietors of medicines far inferior to it as specifics, has in a thousand instances disgusted the public in advance by its absurdity, and the prospects of other remedies of superior qualities have been handicapped by the pretensions of their worthless predecessors. But the American people know, because they have verified the fact by the most trying tests, that the Bitters possesses the virtues of a real specific in cases of malarial and liver disorder, constipation, nervous, rheumatic, stomach and kidney trouble. What it does it does thoroughly, and mainly for this reason it is indorsed and recommended by hosts of respectable medical men.

THE African M. E. Conference of Iowa, at its session in Des Moines last week, adopted a resolution saying that "it is the sense of this conference that the sooner the temperance question is divorced from politics the better for the cause. If white people showed as much 'sense' as th's in dealings with the temperance question that reform would be a great way in advance of the position it now occupies. The present campaign in Iowa is giving illustration of this fact. The straight-out Prohibitionists are in the field with a ticket, not with the expectation of electing it, but with the expressed intention of defeating the Republican ticket; and the free traders all over the country are cheering on these Prohibitionists, not from any love of the temperance cause, but because they want to see the Democrats win in Iowa this fall in order that they may be able to claim the victory as an indorsement of their revenue tariff policy. The colored M. E. Conference saw through this trick and by its action taught some of the 'superior' race a lesson.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Styles For Children: "Boucle" Fabrics: Changeable Serges: Millinery.

While no special change is noticeable in children's fashions, pleasing varieties of styles and trimming always render the subject one of special interest. Boys are now wearing trousers at an earlier day than formerly, and to meet this want, a special line of suits are manufactured. One of the most desirable, is designed for children from three to seven years of age, and is a decided change from the Sailor or Zouave style. It is made of a fancy Cheviot and consists of a double breasted jacket buttoning to the neck; a little longer than the regular jacket, with belt at the natural waist line. Knee pants, finished with three buttons, matching the sleeves of the jacket. The price of this suit is \$5.00. Older boys are wearing double breasted jacket suits of Cheviot, while for dress occasions, a three button cutaway Derby back coat with vest and short pants, made of black and blue worsteds, is the correct style, for those who are not partial to "Eton" or Tuxedo suits.

LITTLE GIRL'S SKIRTS are long or short, gored or full, as may be desired, and in addition to all plain colored fabrics, plaids are extensively used. School or home dresses remain much the same, and dancing or afternoon costumes are ruffled or trimmed with lace, rows of insertion; often with shoulder garnitures of changeable bengaline or velvet. A very attractive little cashmere dress in all staple colors, for girls from three to six years old, is made high neck and long sleeves, full waist with embroidered ruffles over the shoulders, the design being seven rows of graduated dots (in contrast) with scalloped edge. Price \$5.00. For the little ones from six months to two years, many varieties of lawn and main-silk dresses are shown, one of which a cambric "Mother Hubbard," has a four inch hem and eight tucks above, with yoke of tucks and insertion joined by hem-stitching; neck and sleeves trimmed with embroidery to match. Price 98 cts. This information is the result of a visit to Best's Lilliputian Bazaar, in West 23rd St., devoted exclusively to the manufacture of children's wear, and celebrated for its beautiful styles and moderate prices.

A BRILLIANTLY-COLORED plain, striped or plaided surface, with an over-weave of black camel's hair, in minute curls, knotings or lace-like figures, is the leading characteristic of expensive wool novelties, giving rise to the name, "Boucle" (curled) fabrics. An intermix-ture of black is the key-note to this season's styles: pervading all departments, and creating a greater variety than could otherwise exist. Changeable wools and silks as well, are very stylish, and heavy serges in rich color combinations, ranging from 80 cts. to \$1.50 per yard, make handsome, useful costumes, appropriately trimmed with small silk frogs or bias velvet bands. Stripes are another very important factor, varying from the hair-line to those twelve inches broad; these last however are always variously shaded. The predominance of light colors in fall hats is marked, at the same time black and white combinations continue in great favor. The leading novelty of the season, is round, flat pieces of felt, to be made up on frames, according to the milliner's fancy or requirements of the wearer. Two or three colors are combined, as shadings, then again the outer and inner sides are in sharp contrast. Trimmings are heavy, and satin-finished velvet, ostrich plumes, long or short stick pins, and double faced satin ribbon are grouped with an almost alarming abandon. Two feathers, high wings or jet ornaments placed separately in front, the intervening space filled by a large velvet rosette or flowers, is a favorite style, and brims are often cut up to the crown, with the edges turned back, and the front trimming arranged in the manner just described.

VERONA CLARKE.

In Paint the best is the cheapest. Strictly Pure White Lead is best; properly applied it will not scale, chip, chalk, or rub off; it firmly adheres to the wood and forms a permanent base for repainting. Paints which peel or scale have to be removed by scraping or burning before satisfactory repainting can be done. When buying it is important to obtain

Strictly Pure White Lead

properly made. Time has proven that white lead made by the "Old Dutch" process of slow corrosion possesses qualities that cannot be obtained by any other method of manufacture. This process consumes four to six months time, and produces the brands that have given White Lead its character as the standard paint.

"Armstrong & McKelvy"
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are standard brands of strictly pure Lead made by the "Old Dutch" process. You get the best in buying them. You can produce any desired color by tinting these brands of white lead with National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors.

For sale by the most reliable dealers in Paints everywhere.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

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National Lead and Oil Co. of Pennsylvania,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

YOU and Your Children

It is a wonderful remedy, which is alike beneficial to you and your children. Such is *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. It checks wasting in the children and produces sound, healthy flesh. It keeps them from taking cold and it will do the same for you

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula and all Anaemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Scott's Emulsion

"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSEFUL OF SHAME." CLEAN HOUSE WITH

SAPOLIO

If you want to get cured take Manners Double Extract Sarsaparilla. It's the best. Try it. 50 cts.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

It Never fails to Cure—MANNERS DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

The only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It's the best because it cures. Take no other. 50 cts.



I KEEP COOL
Inside, outside, and all the way through.
HIRE'S' Beer
This great Temperance drink is as healthful, as it is pleasant. Try it.

ANTI-STIFF

IS A MARVELLOUS PREPARATION FOR RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, STIFF NECK, SORE THROAT, BRUISES, AND SPRAINS.

Rub well into the affected part, and you will soon be convinced of its efficacy.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

WHOLESALE, E. J. JOSEPH & CO., NEW YORK.

Small box, 25 cents; Medium, 35 cents; Large, \$1.00.

24-28 Times

DEAF

NESSA HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Wholesalers, Comfortable. Successful where all remedies fail. Ill. book and proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 623 Bow, N. Y.

Road Grading Machinery

The Champion Road Grader has fulfilled all the claims made for its superior capacity. The Supervisors of Union Township purchased one during the spring of 1892, with which they have made the most improved public roads in Centre county. Prior to this year the Supervisors were required to assess six mills road taxes—this year, 1893, they assessed four mills, next year, 1894, they propose to assess three mills road taxes and improve their roads more than they did with six mills road taxes before they purchased their Champion Road Grader from Messrs. McCalmont & Co. Formerly the tax payers had to do the work with shovels and picks, now the horses do the most of the work.

Champion Rock Crusher.

The Champion Rock Crusher has no equal or competitor, when we compare the quantity of stone crushed in one day, seventy to eighty tons, with the power required to operate it—for the proof of which, we refer those interested or who may want to buy a stone crusher to improve their public roads, to the supervisors and tax payers of Walker township, Centre Co., Pa., as well as to S. D. Tice, a contractor of Howard, and Wallace White, a contractor of Spring township, Centre Co., Pa., who crushes stone for macadamizing streets and turnpikes.

Champion Road Roller

After your roads and streets are macadamized, the Champion Road Roller, operated by horses, can be used to great advantage in rolling down the loose stone to make the road smooth. Those in want of Road Machinery will promote their own interest by inspecting the above machinery before purchasing.

Further information, as to prices and merit, will be furnished on application.

MCCALMONT & CO.

WM. SHORTLIFFE, Business Manager. 24-25-26

WHITES

Canada Thistle

-- Exterminator.

FACTORY AT BELLEFONTE, PA., IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE BELLEFONTE CAT WORKS.

This is a discovery that is destined to prove a blessing to every farmer and land owner. Whites Canada Thistle Exterminator is a preparation discovered and put on the market by Samuel White, of Bellefonte, Pa. A tablespoonful of this preparation placed on a thistle will kill every stalk so treated in five days from the top of the ground to the extreme length of the root. This has been proven by actual experiment. If applied according to directions furnished with every jar sold it is guaranteed to do the work. A number of Centre county land owners have given the Exterminator a thorough trial, among whom are Brockhoff Bros. and W. Fred Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds has instructed his farmers to get as much as is needed to exterminate this pest from all of his farms.

PRICE PER BUSHEL, \$2.50, OR \$5 FOR BAG OF TWO BUSHELS.

Factory at Bellefonte Cat Works. Orders addressed to Samuel White, Bellefonte, Pa., will receive prompt attention. Terms CASH on receipt of goods. Isaac Haupt authorized agent.

SAMUEL WHITE.

24-25-26

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING

R. J. SCHADD & BRO.

Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellefonte, Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

WORK DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

LOWEST PRICES AND ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Telephone connection. ap15-1y

Clothes

REPAIRED, CLEANSED AND PRESERVED. I have a concluded to take up my old trade and am now prepared to do Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing of Clothes at my residence, No. 221 East Second St. I solicit a share of patronage and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work gathered and delivered promptly and at short notice, as soon as possible made. A postal card dropped in the mail will receive attention at once.

23 48 W. WILLIAM MCLELLAN.

CLOTHES REPAIRED AND CLEANED.

I have opened a shop at corner of Allegheny and Howard streets, in old law office next door to residence of John P. Linn, where I am prepared to do repairing and cleaning of clothes. Orders by mail promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial.

CHARLES MCLELLAN.

TO HAVE HEALTHY LIVER MUST BE IN ORDER.

DR. SANFORD'S

LIVER INVIGORATOR

Cures thousands annually of Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Malaria. More ills result from an Unhealthy Liver than any other cause. Why suffer when you can be cured? Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator is a celebrated family medicine. YOUR DRUGGIST WILL SUPPLY YOU.

"3000 PARCELS OF MAIL" FREE

FOR 10 1-CENT STAMPS. Dress if received within 30 days will be for 1 year's supply of printed or engraved labels. Only Directory containing 125,000 customers; from manufacturers and manufacturers. Send 10 1-cent stamps, probably, thousands of labels and envelopes, books, etc., to prevent mail being lost. J. A. Niles, of Reidsville, N. C., writes: "From my 25 cent address in your Lightning Directory I've received my 20 address labels and over 3000 parcels of mail. My addresses you scattered among publishers and manufacturers, are arriving daily, on valuable parcels of mail from all parts of the World."

WORLD'S FAIR DIRECTORY CO., No. 113 Girard & Franklin Avenues, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer. Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or any ink.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—Wm. R. Brachbill, John D. Sourbeck and Al Garman started for the World's Fair last Thursday.

—Mr. Wm. Lyon, the Bishop street meat market man is quite sick and been compelled to take his bed.

—A visit to the Eureka Grocery will be found to be pleasant and profitable. Call and see them. They sell goods right and treat all with kind consideration.

—They say that Paul Sternberg has a desire to go west again to grow up with the country. He has been there and knows all about the growing up business.

—And now Earle C. Tuten manager of the famous Eureka Grocery has got the World's Fair fever we expect he will disappear towards the west some fine morning.

—Editor Francis Speer returned from the World's Fair last week. He thinks that everyone who can get together forty dollars should go and see this wonderful show.

—Welsh & Bros' circus was in Bellefonte last Friday and Saturday. The admittance was only ten cents, but all who saw it said it was a very good entertainment, as good as a fifty cent show. The attendance was good.

—Miss Laura Hafer, daughter of Dr. A. W. Hafer, has returned to the Dental college at Philadelphia. When she has completed her studies she will practice in this place and will be one of the first female dentists in Centre county.

—R. M. Magee and family returned from the World's Fair last Friday. They will return to their home in Philadelphia this week. The schools of Philadelphia have begun and they feel that they must return for the children to enter school.

—Austin Brew, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brew, of North Allegheny street, gave a party to his young friends last Friday evening. Dancing was the principal enjoyment. Allie Maitland took some flash light pictures of the party of young people.

—Scott Bricker, the republican postmaster at Boalsburg, will step out to make place for a Cleveland appointee in the person of J. H. Weber. It is said that Mr. Bricker has made a good officer and that he leaves the position with a good record.

—New postmasters for this county have been appointed as follows: John Martin at Milesburg; Charles H. Meyer at Centre Hall; J. R. Runner at Blanchard and Jno. A. Kelley at Snow Shoe. Mr. Martin at Milesburg served under Cleveland during his first term.

—A gentleman came to Bellefonte last Saturday with a horse attached to a buggy. He hitched his team on Allegheny street at Crider's Exchange and while away the horse became sick. He was unhitched and led up and down the street until he became better.

—The town of Hastings in Cambria county has a new opera house. It is said the inhabitants are much pleased we suppose it gives them better satisfaction than though they had a new church. Those people would much rather see the elephant than listen to the music of the gospel.

—John B. Weaver, son of Thomas B. Mary J. Weaver, of Moshannon, died September 13th, 1893, after a brief illness, aged 2 years, 4 months, and 26 days. The funeral was held on the 15th. Rev. W. O. Wright, of Milesburg, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Moshannon, of which Mr. and Mrs. Weaver are permanent members, performed the last service to the dead.

—The store room of Daniel Irvin & Son, on High street, is undergoing extensive repairs. There was a fire there a few weeks ago and Mr. Crider, while he was repairing the damage done by the fire, seems to have concluded to fix up in style. Mr. Crider is one of the most generous landlords in the town to repair for his tenants, and the resources of his lumber yard are often taxed for that purpose.

—Perry Steele, Jr., is the road maker on the pike leading from Bellefonte to Centre Hall, and under the directions of Chas. F. Cook, the president of the turnpike company is making one of the best roads ever had since the company built the pike. They have come to the conclusion that a good well made road is the cheapest in the end. So where work is done Mr. Cook insists on having it well done and secures men who know how to do it.

—Last Saturday night Mrs. Huldah Shortlidge, of Philadelphia died at her home in that city. The lady was a cousin of our townsman, William Shortlidge, of the firm of McCalmont & Co., and an aunt to John Walker, head book keeper for the same firm. The funeral took place yesterday (Wednesday.) Mr. Walker left on Tuesday morning train to attend the funeral. Mrs. Shortlidge was a devout christian lady, a kind neighbor and had a very large circle of warm personal friends.

THE RIVER LEAGUE.

What a Meeting of Directors (?) Has to Say of It.

We do not know by whose authority it was called, but a meeting of those who for the occasion styled themselves the directors of the River League of base ball clubs met in Lock Haven last Saturday and after discussing the latest phase of kicking, etc., formulated and sent out the following report (?) of what they would like to have done:

LOCK HAVEN, Sept. 23.—A meeting of the base ball clubs of the River League was held at the Fallon House in this city to-night. In the absence of the President, Mr. John Lane, of Bellefonte, the meeting was called to order by R. N. Roberts, of Renovo. George Courtney, representing Tyrone, was elected chairman. The clubs were represented as follows: Renovo, by R. N. Roberts and T. I. Poorman; Williamsport, by David Spence; Tyrone and Bloomsburg by George Courtney. After reading an opinion of N. E. Young, President of the National League of base ball clubs, a vote was taken to decide who should be awarded the disputed Williamsport, Bellefonte game of August 2nd. The game was awarded to Williamsport.

In reference to the disputed game between Renovo and Bellefonte, played at Bellefonte, Sept. 20th, it was decided that the game be played over again, and in case Bellefonte refuses to play, then the game to be awarded to Renovo. One of the games played by Bellefonte at Milton was thrown out, as Bellefonte had played two games with Milton while the other clubs had played but one.

It was decided to extend indefinitely the time for playing all postponed games. The following is the official summary of the games to date.

	WON	LOST	P.C.
Bellefonte.....	15	6	.710
Demorests.....	14	6	.700
Renovo.....	12	8	.600
Tyrone.....	8	15	.350
Bloomsburg.....	4	15	.235
Milton.....	0	5	.000

Observe the personnel of the above board (?) of directors. Kicker Poorman, kicker Roberts, kicker Spence, kicker Courtney. Only one man present being a real elected director. And yet they sat in judgment on what should be and what should not be in the doings of the River League. Oh, No; boys. The streets of Bellefonte may be green enough for cow pasture but the crop of verdure is very limited in the eyes of our base ball "cranks." Bellefonte won fairly and squarely—by good playing and honest dealing so far as the "Governors" were concerned—19 games out of 24, and we don't propose to allow the strong contingent of kickers to sit in judgment on what we have justly earned and scatter the results so promiscuously. Bellefonte went into the field to play ball; she played ball, won the honors fairly and now means to hold them as firmly. If the rest of you have the requisite number of pins or marbles come to Bellefonte and our school boys will beat you out of your boots.

—Senator P. Gray Meek has in the past few weeks been making some extensive repairs and additions to his beautiful home on west High Street in the west ward of the pleasant town of Bellefonte. The work is now approaching completion and it is a stylish improvement to what was before a beautiful home. We are pleased to note this evidence of prosperity in our brother of the paste pot and scissors. He is a fine fellow and deserves all the good fortune that has come to his lot. If he was only a republican he would be a first class man and would have prospered much more than he has. This shows that if a man is a pretty decent fellow he will prosper to some extent even against adverse conditions, and the most unfavorable environments. If we had any reason to doubt his democracy we would say his good fortune was due to the fact that he was not a real democrat, just as some of the knowing ones say that Ex-Gov. Curtin is not and never was a true democrat; but Meek was such a peppery little rebel during the war that we guess we will have to accept that as good evidence of his soundness and firm adherence to the true principles of real democracy, for we have always claimed that while there was a possibility that every democrat may not have been a rebel, yet every rebel was and is a democrat.

DIED.

Last Saturday morning at three o'clock Mrs. Emma C. Roberts, mother-in-law of James P. Hughes, principal of the Bellefonte Academy, died at the home of her son-in-law at the advanced age of 75 years. She came to Bellefonte last June on a visit. She was in feeble health. For the past month she has been in a sinking condition which condition terminated in her death as stated above. A short service was held at the Academy on Saturday morning and the remains were taken on the 10:20 train to New York where funeral services were held. Burial will be made at the old homestead at Manchester, Vermont. Mr. Charles Roberts, Jr., of New York city, and Mrs. David Myerle, of Brooklyn, accompanied the remains from Bellefonte to New York. The surviving children are Martin Roberts, Charles Roberts, Luther Roberts and John Roberts.

—The land suit that has occupied the attention of the court for about two weeks involving the title to about two thousand acres of supposed coal land at Snow Shoe terminated last Friday morning in a ver-

dict for the defendant or to make it plain to all in favor of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company. In 1885 Clinton Lloyd brought suit to recover possession of the land located in Snow Shoe township as he had taken out warrant for the tract then being vacant lands. The defendants claimed that they had warrants dated July 1 and 31, 1792, which were the oldest on record and the July brought in a verdict for the defendant.

COMMUNICATED.

MR. EDITOR:—There was a family reunion at the residence of Samuel Boop, in Spring township, to honor their aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Boop. The aged couple have both passed the allotted time of three score years and ten, Mr. Boop being 81 and his life partner 75 years old. They have had eleven children to bless their union, two of whom have passed on before to the great hereafter, leaving nine to follow, five sons and four daughters. All the living but one were at home on this joyous occasion.

The old folks reside with their youngest son, Samuel. All knowledge of the gathering was kept from the old people, so that when the guests came pouring in they were taken completely by surprise. It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon when they gathered. There were about fifty guests that sat down to the bounteous dinner that had been prepared with so much care and which was enjoyed with so much zest by all present. After the dinner Mr. Charles Glen, the photographer, was on hand and took a picture of the group gathered around the table, after which Rev. W. A. Trostle offered up a prayer and made some very interesting and appropriate remarks, addressing himself in part to the aged people who had lived so long to enjoy the companionship of their children and their friends. Then all joined in the beautiful hymn, "God be with you till we meet again."

Among the children and friends present were Mr. and Mrs. Grove Rieppard, Mrs. Sarah Whitmer, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. King, Mrs. Kate Mame Romig, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Boop and son, Mr. and Mrs. John Boop and family, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Boop and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boop and six children, Mr. and Mrs. William Bartley. The names of the other guests are not given for lack of space. Mr. Wm. Boop was the son who was not there. Axe Mann, Sept. 25. SOME ONE.

—Mr. Cato, the new general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., is at his post of duty and we hope he will receive the cordial support of those who have brought him here. We understand he is a very capable man and if he receives the proper support and encouragement will do a good work here. We do not want to say anything to discourage the new secretary, but if it were possible we should like to say that which would prompt the association to act as though they had the courage of their convictions, and when they have a good man to act as secretary for them have life enough to give him at least a fair and decent support. The association flashes up for a season and then dies down, and it has been at this flashing business for the last twenty years to our certain knowledge. What to we would seem to be more to the point would be steady, continuous work. A long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together all the time. We hope the association will get down to work and stay there, then no doubt they will do much good, and become a valuable assistant to all the churches.

SENATOR CAMERON'S SPEECH.

The Philadelphia Press is taking to itself credit of having warned the people of the State against the re-election of Senator Donald Cameron, saying, "we told you so, now see what he has done; gone back on his party and the State of Pennsylvania." While we are not prepared to express a positive opinion in this matter yet there may be, and is, two sides to this question. We find many republicans in this county who say the Senator is right and that the Cameron always had a way of taking a stand in the interest of the people, and so we believe it will be all over the state. One thing is certain, the people are moderating their views upon this silver question; the light is breaking in upon many minds that the tariff is the great issue and that the repeal of the Sherman law is a matter of secondary importance.

NEW FIRE BRICK COMPANY ORGANIZED.

A new fire brick company has been chartered to operate the works lately owned by the late William R. Miller at Sandy Ridge this county. These works are among the largest in the state and were worked by their late owner very successfully. The reputation of their work being excelled by none. The clay at this place is in great abundance indeed almost inexhaustible. The new company starts out with a capital of fifty thousand dollars and is composed of the following parties: Messrs. Theodore H. Wigton, M. S. Lee, Frank McClain, Daniel Laughman, Estate of John Miller, Frederick Miller and M. Alexander.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., September 25, 1893.

Miss Mary Brown; Mrs. Jennie Bird; George Benjamin; Miss Annette Barker; James O. Cowl; Miss Ida Homan; Mrs. Pearl Kane; Miss Katie Moore; Joseph Smith; Annie Stird; Eliza Mary Voorhess; Sammie Wagne.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER, P. M.

MAJOR HILTON.

Last week Major Hilton, the temperance evangelist from California, spoke to large audiences in the court house and other places. He is an eloquent and earnest talker and makes a deep impression on his hearers. All classes of men and women went to hear the eloquent speaker and no doubt his efforts will result in much good. On Friday evening he held an open air meeting in the diamond which was attended by many "old soakers" that could not be enticed into the court house or a church. We heard many of this class of men say they heard and enjoyed the exercises. We hope it may result in their complete conversion.

On Sunday he had a busy day. In the morning a meeting was held in the W. C. T. U. rooms. At 10:30 he preached in the U. B. church. At three o'clock in the afternoon he conducted a mass meeting in the court house. At half past six in the evening a union meeting of the Christian Endeavor society and the Epworth League was held in the Methodist church.

His subject at this meeting was "True Christian Work." In the evening a meeting was again held in the court house at which there was a large attendance. On Saturday evening he held an open air meeting at the diamond occupying the band stand, thus giving the old soakers a second chance, after which the crowd was invited to the court house where the meeting was continued. Although he spoke on temperance at most of these meetings he did not forget other christian topics, such as the relation of the church to the cause of temperance, social purity, gambling, etc. At all the meetings the large audiences were entertained with excellent music.

Among the singers were Mr. Lyman T. Eddy, of Milesburg, his daughter, son-in-law and grandson, Lyman Eddy Zimmerman; Miss Ella Twitnair, Messrs. George Smith, Walter Whippo, A. Lukenbach and C. C. Shuey, all of Bellefonte. These singers are as good as the best in the country and perhaps in the world, and such music added much to the interest of the entertainment. We understand that Major Hilton is one of those temperance men who believe in moral suasion to overcome the evils of the rum traffic. He would convert men to God and temperance believing that without the help and mercy of God the poor fallen drunkard is without hope. He has little faith in pledges or law to compel men to reform, but he would lead them up to the throne of grace and bid them cast their burdens on the Lord who is mighty to save. We understand that he was brought here by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. This organization of christian women are doing a great work for temperance reform and social purity and should have the earnest co-operation of all good people.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, to remove suddenly from our midst our late brother, Post Grand E. H. Carr, who has always been a faithful and profitable member of Bald Eagle Lodge, No. 410, I. O. O. F., of Milesburg, Pa. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we humbly bow in submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well, firmly believing that all things work together for good to them that put their trust in Him.

Resolved, That by his death his family has lost a loving, tender husband and father, the town an honest and industrious citizen, his neighbors a warm and unselfish friend, and his lodge one who always had his best interest at heart, and whose voice was ever lifted in wise council and whose hand was always open to that of a brother.

Resolved, That we extend to the family our warmest sympathy in this their hour of grief and the lodge charter be draped for a period of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be given to the family and that another copy be inscribed on our minute and published in two of the county papers.

W. R. CAMPBELL,
C. B. Church,
L. T. Eddy.

83 YEARS OLD.

John Curtin, of Bellefonte, has attained the advanced age of 83 years, and is still a hale, hearty man. To see him on the streets as you can any day in the week, you would not suppose he was much over fifty. Last Sunday was his birthday. He is a half brother of Ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin, and in his early life was one of the leading men of the county, being associated with others in the manufacture of charcoal iron at the Bald Eagle furnace, now known as Curtin's works. He has seen many changes since as a young man he conducted the iron business in this county. He has seen towns grow into almost cities; he has seen the population of this county treble in numbers; the forest changed into cultivated fields. He has seen the method of transportation change from mules to canal, from canal to steam railroads; and light from the tall low tip to electricity; from flint and punk to the parlor match. He seems, or appears to be, as young as he did when we came to this county, now almost a quarter of a century ago.

Mr. Edward C. Humes, president of the 1st National Bank of this place is one month older than Mr. Curtin and as smart and shrewd a business man as he ever was, and that is saying much for he has been one of the best and most talented business men in the county.

Workingmen representing the 12,000

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

sheet and plate rollers appeared before the Committee on Ways and Means last week to protest against any reduction of the duties on those articles. Two thirds of those they represent were now idle, and all would be if the duties were taken off.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Miss Kate Kelley, of this place is visiting friends in Snow Shoe.

Mrs. Annie Baney, and two children of Snow Shoe, are visiting her mother Mrs. Mary Hull, on Valentine street.

The financial skies are brightening every day. Money is everywhere becoming easier. The premium on currency had disappeared, all talk of runs on banks has ceased, and the banks are beginning to slowly put out the money they had called in in anticipation of trouble. The consequence is that there is a much better market for all sorts of farm products. The accumulated stocks of goods have been worked off and factories are beginning to resume, very timidly, however, and only in a hand-to-mouth sort of a way, because the dread of radical tariff changes hangs over all of them. An attempt was made last week to get some expression from the leaders of the dominant party in Congress that any legislation should be made to take effect at some date in the future, which would enable manufacturers and dealers to calculate upon it, and put themselves in proper shape for it, but so far this patriotic endeavor has been unsuccessful. It is the thing of all others should be done to start the wheels of factories and give the millions of unemployed work and food during the coming winter.

A PETRIFIED BODY

The Juniata Star says that about five years ago Minnie Wetzler, of near Centre, this county, aged about 18 years, took ill with pneumonia and after a severe struggle her spirit passed into the better land, and her remains were buried in the graveyard close to Centre church. A short time ago the body was lifted and placed in the Dunkard cemetery near Van Wert where Mr. Wetzler had secured a family lot. When Mr. Christian Lantz, who superintended the work, took hold of the rough coffin he found it to be exceedingly heavy and after further handling it was found that the body had been entirely petrified. It was now a solid stone of a beautiful gray color and in all respects as natural as the day when buried.

EXTENSIVE HORSE STEALING.

Forty-four head of horses, says the Du Bois Express, have been stolen in Clearfield and adjoining counties within the last six or seven weeks. They are being taken out of stables and from pasture fields and generally sold to innocent purchasers. The other day, in the southern part of the county, a man was driving a newly purchased horse, when he was surprised at being stopped and having the horse identified as one that was recently stolen. The stealing appears to be done systematically and, as yet, the thieves have not been brought to justice.

The South has increased her cotton spindles from 1,856,000 in 1890 to 2,166,023 this year, and now has 14 per cent, of the entire number in the country, when three years ago she had but 12 per cent. Naturally, there is a growing resistance in that section to any reduction of the duties on manufactured cotton.

—The 49th annual Convention of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Central Penna. commenced in the new Lutheran church, at Bellefonte, last (Wednesday) at half past seven o'clock. A full account of the proceedings will be published in the REPUBLICAN next week.

—Some Bellefonte parties are trying to charter a Pullman car to take them to the World's Fair. If they can get sixty passengers for the fare would be only five dollars apiece. Here is a chance to see the great show for a very low price.

ALL claims should be made special. It is a scandal that the Pension Bureau should be encumbered with misdeeds of thousands of cases upon which no action has been taken.

—Two attempts were made last week to burn the School House at Port Matilda. Some think it is the work of tramps. The School Board is trying to solve the mystery.

It is more than 28 years since "Johnny came marching home." It is certainly high time that the Government found out what is due him and paid it to him.

MARRIED.

FLORY—FURY.—At the M. E. parsonage by Rev. G. P. Sarvis, September 21, William H. Flory and Ida M. Fury, all of Pleasant Gap, Pa.

McCLELLAN—ROBB.—By Justice of the Peace Morris, of Milesburg, Tuesday Sept. 21, at his office in Milesburg, Mr. George A. McClellan and Miss Eva May Robb, both of Bellefonte, Pa.

MUST OBSERVE THE LAW.

Factory Inspector Watchorn After the Coal Operators.

Factory Inspector Watchorn will next week visit coal mines in Centre and Clearfield counties with a view of insisting upon coal operators observing the semi-monthly pay law. The Harrisburg Patriot says that Mr. Watchorn has received a long list of demands from the coal miners of the Centre and Clearfield region to prosecute the coal operators in that section for failure to comply with this pay law. The men complain that they have not yet received their wages for July and that their employers refused to pay them when they made a demand for the amount due them. "The semi-monthly pay law," said Mr. Watchorn yesterday, "makes it the duty of the factory inspector to prosecute all persons who refuse to pay their employees semi-monthly after they demanded their wages. This is the one bad feature of this act and it should be amended so as to place upon the mine inspectors this responsibility. Usually, when the men make a demand for their wages they discharged and then they have no redress. If these operators in the Centre and Clearfield region persist in violating the law they will be prosecuted without fear or favor."

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

Because it is an off year in our State politics this campaign, there should be no apathy or indifference to result; but on the contrary active and zealous work all along the line. There is a most excellent State ticket presented to the Republicans of Pennsylvania in the persons of Hon. D. Newlin Fell and Col. Samuel M. Jackson. Both were Union soldiers with excellent records, and as civilians their respective careers have been honorable and brilliant. The occupancy of the National and State administrations by the Democrats and the deplorable condition of the country in consequence of the standing menace of their continued rule calls for a decisive vote from this State. The old soldiers and Grand Army men and pensioners can speak by their ballots this year for two comrades who wore the blue with them and against the illegal policy of the Interior Department, which has threatened and punished old soldiers through distortions of the law. There are no factional differences in Centre county. We can give the largest vote this year the county ever gave if all Republicans are alert and interested in their duty. Let us join hands and effort for magnificent result and give such a notice to the Democratic party that will resound through the whole Union.

STATE COLLEGE SCHEDULE.

The State College foot-ball team have arranged the following games for the season:

September 30, Lehigh at Bethlehem; October 7, Dickinson at Bellefonte; October 13, Columbia Athletic Club at Washington; October 14, University of Virginia at Charlottesville; October 16, Johns Hopkins at Baltimore; October 21, Western University at Bellefonte; October 28, University of Pennsylvania at Bellefonte; November 23, Franklin and Marshall at Lancaster; November 25, Rutgers at Bellefonte.

The team will be much lighter than last year, as several of the old men failed to materialize at the opening of college. At present the eleven lines up as follows: White, right end; Dowler, right tackle; Beers, right guard; Haswell, centre; Fisher, left guard; Shaffer, left tackle; Harris, left end; Atherton, quarter-back; Farrington, right half-back; Wolfe, left half-back, and Church, full-back.

Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel.....	62
Mixed wheat per bushel.....	60
Buck wheat, new, per bushel.....	40
Rye per bushel.....	40
Corn (shelled).....	50
Corn (ears).....	45
Oats.....	35
Barley.....	28
Cloverseed, fair to good.....	8 40
do prime and extra prime.....	9 00
do choice.....	9 50
Flour, retail, per barrel.....	5 00
Flour, wholesale.....	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton.....	10 00
" prime timothy ".....	11 00
" choice ".....	12 00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound.....	8
Green apples, per bushel.....	80
Cherries, dried, per pound.....	10
Dried Currants, per pound.....	10
New Raisins, per pound.....	12
Beans, per quart.....	12
Fresh Butter, per pound.....	25
Cheese, per pound.....	16
Country Hams, per pound.....	15
Hams, sugar cured.....	17
Shoulders.....	17
Breakfast Bacon.....	17
Country Bacon.....	16
Lard, leaf, per pound.....	16
Lard, country, per pound.....	12
Eggs, per dozen.....	25
Potatoes, per bushel.....	35
Dried Beef.....	25
Canned Beef, 2 pound can.....	35
Country side, per pound.....	10
Canned Tomatoes, per can.....	12
Canned Corn, per can.....	12
Lemons, per dozen.....	30
Oranges, per dozen.....	40
Dried, sweet Corn, per bushel.....	10
Apple Butter, per gallon.....	8
Roller Flour, per sack.....	1 25